

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1872.

The Week.

POLITICALLY, this has been a week of speeches, Mr. Voorhees, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Morton, Mr. Hendricks, Mr. Wilson, Governor Oglesby, Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Schurz, General Butler, Mr. Trumbull, Secretary Delano, Mr. Fenton, and many other politicians and statesmen, having addressed their constituents or the North Carolinians. In none of the speeches is there anything that is new or important, but on account of the previous position of the two men the utterances of Senator Schurz and Mr. Voorhees were awaited with expectancy and read with interest. Heard with interest we may suppose them all to have been, as the voters have not been giving to politics that attention which newspaper-men and active politicians have now for months been giving, and the old story is to the average elector a new one. The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, as Mr. Voorhees is known to his friends, among whom he is very popular, came out for Greeley and Brown. Thirty days ago he used to say that fire and water might better be asked to mingle than he to support Horace Greeley as a Democratic candidate. But the National Convention decreed his candidacy, and now all its members must submit; such was the law and custom. Yet it was as absolutely certain thirty days ago that Greeley was to be put on the ticket at Baltimore as it is certain now that he is on it, and one would have supposed that Mr. Voorhees would perceive this, and save himself from his present queer position. It is not so surprising, however. Of an easy-going politician, and a Democratic politician, and a Democratic politician in Indiana, it would be exacting to expect much in the way of consistency or even of sense. Mr. Voorhees has been renominated in his district, a close one, and this will help to make the contest in Indiana a regular old-time Republican and Democratic contest. We should suppose it might help the Greeley ticket in the State.

Mr. Schurz's speech had for its principal new feature a charge against the President in reference to the San Domingo business. An interviewing reporter of the *Herald*—not, we should say, a personage whose tale-bearing any one need regard overmuch—the other day represented himself as having had a talk with the President at Long Branch. Indeed, he may have. Among other things confided to him by General Grant was that Senator Schurz was disgusted with the Administration simply because he could not have as much patronage as he wanted, and that if he had been satisfied in this respect he would not have turned reformer. This is the report which we presume the senator to have seen in print, and as to which he says that had not “a published report” been set afloat, he would have still withheld a charge which he thereupon proceeded to make. It was to the effect that two gentlemen, one of whom afterwards admitted that he acted with General Grant's consent, waited on him and offered him all the patronage he wished if he would support the annexation project. This is perfectly in key with General Grant's conduct in the San Domingo affair. There is no doubt that he was curiously and foolishly and obstinately desirous of that island, and used all the means and appliances at his command to get it. There is just precisely as little doubt, either, that this sort of truck and dicker of patronage, ineffectually attempted in Senator Schurz's case, has been done by every American President for the last thirty or forty years who lived long enough to deal in offices. Lincoln did it, Buchanan did it, Pierce did it, Fillmore did it, Tyler did it—they all did it; some for their own personal benefit, some for their party's. The speech, good, though not new, as an attack on the Administration, was of no great value, we should say, as persuading dissatisfied people to take Mr. Schurz's two candidacies.

Whether or not Mr. Greeley would be without sin in patronage-trading we leave to the judgment of our readers. If the smell of fire is on his garments after his being active in our delightful New York politics ever since he was a youth, we may no doubt trust Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and Mr. James M. Ashley, Mr. Mattoon and Mr. Littlejohn, to warn us. All these gentlemen, we observe, are now impressed with the need of his election as a means of purifying our politics. Mr. Greeley's own letter to Mr. Schurz, which the senator read to his audience, is not a reassuring document, we should say. Mr. Schurz expected, at the close of the Fifth Avenue conference, that he would be able to get from the Cincinnati candidate a definite promise as regards reform. It was already then evident that “the bloody chasm” was to be the Greeleyite campaign cry, the white hat having called out so little genuine fire, and reformers were face to face with the question of how they could support such a candidate. This letter was the result of Mr. Schurz's effort, and we beg for it the attention of every believer in the guileless simplicity of the Cincinnati and Baltimore nominee. We think that an equally transparent case of whipping the devil round the stump we have seldom known attempted, and it will be curious to see how numerous the people are who will be gulled by it, and to watch the Greeleyites professing a belief in it. “It is said you have bad men around you, and will not be at all a reformer of the civil service or of anything else,” Mr. Schurz says. “Is the charge true? Please tell us what you do think of civil-service reform?” “The charge about my friends,” says our Honest Uncle, “is so vague that I do not care to answer it.” One should lay bodily eyes on him in company with Nephew Cochrane and Nephew Fenton and Mr. Theodore Tilton and “Lord” Gordon and Honest Jay Gould and the statesman Kilpatrick, to appreciate this part of the correspondence. “As for the other matter,” he goes on to say in substance, “if any Free Trade Congressman or Democratic Congressman thinks that, in case of my election, he is not going to get his fair share of patronage, he is mistaken: ‘a President should fully realize and never forget that Congress, in its own sphere, is paramount and nowise amenable to his supervision, and that the heartiest good-will to his Administration is perfectly compatible with the most pointed dissent from his inculcations on the very gravest questions of finance and political economy.’” The rest is like this: “Grant pretends to be for civil-service reform, and is not.” “A one-term President is sure to use his patronage for the purest purposes.” But as for a plain answer to a plain question, not one word of it.

Mr. Boutwell, in his speech at Greensboro, N. C., yesterday week, selected for comparison between General Grant's administration of the finances and President Johnson's the year 1868, which he called the last fiscal year of Johnson's Administration, but which was not the “last” fiscal year, unless four months of the succeeding year—during which there was no essential change of policy or of minor officers—belong to the first fiscal year of General Grant's. But this year 1868 was the year in which the expenses of the Government were extraordinarily increased by the payment of extra bounties—a measure strenuously opposed by the Administration of Mr. Johnson as an inexpedient and unnecessary use of the public money, but which Mr. Wilson especially engineered and Mr. Boutwell voted for, and which both these gentlemen now indirectly treat as a matter financially discreditable. The amount thus disbursed during the year 1869 for these extra bounties was reported at \$43,476,549. There was also disbursed during the year 1869 \$3,905,396 on account of the Freedman's Bureau, an expenditure for which there is no longer any occasion. Mr. Boutwell was equally disingenuous—we think we might be justified in using a stronger term—when he made this statement to his North Carolina auditors:

The total revenue derived from distilled spirits during the last three

years of Mr. Johnson's Administration was \$93,454,054, and for the first three years of General Grant's Administration \$151,935,618, showing a gain of \$58,481,564, equal to 64 per cent. increase, and this in view of the fact that the duty was \$2 a gallon during a large part of the first period, and only about 75 cents during the second period."

Now Mr. Boutwell, if he knows anything about the subject, knows very well that the main reason why the attempt to collect revenue from distilled spirits previously to 1862-9 was a failure, was the imposition of a tax so high as to offer an almost irresistible temptation to fraud, coupled with a notoriously inefficient and imperfect law. He also knows—or if he does not the public does—that when Congress adopted, in 1868, a lower rate and a new law distributing the tax and providing for its collection by means of stamps, from the very day (August 1, 1868) when the law went into operation the revenue began to increase; and during that year (eight months Johnson and four months Grant, but practically all Johnson) went up from \$18,655,630 to \$45,071,000. During the next year the revenue from distilled spirits increased to \$55,606,000, but Mr. Boutwell took very good care not to tell his auditors that for the year 1871, when every vestige of Johnsonism had been weeded out; when there was complete accord between Congress and the Executive; and when the population had increased by more than two millions, the revenue from distilled spirits fell off \$9,323,000, or 17 per cent., a result, taking the increase of population into consideration, not so creditable as that attained during the last year of Mr. Johnson.

Again, the annual charge for interest on the public debt for the year 1868 was \$140,424,000; but for the year 1872, in consequence of the reduction of the public debt, through the continuance of war-taxes (with the enactment of which the Administration of General Grant had no concern), the average annual interest has been reduced to the extent of at least \$30,000,000. The aggregate of these several items is \$77,481,000, which reduces Messrs. Boutwell and Wilson's balance of one hundred millions to \$22,519,000. But for even this amount the existing Administration is in no fair sense entitled to any credit; for during the last year of Andrew Johnson's Administration (1869), the expenses of the navy, by reason of the general national policy adopted after the close of the war, were reduced \$5,775,000; and those of the army, exclusive of the final payments for extra bounties, by at least \$20,000,000 additional (\$13,410,000 having been paid for bounties under Johnson during the first four months of the fiscal year 1869). If General Grant, therefore, immediately after his inauguration, had gone off to Alaska and taken Mr. Boutwell with him, or if both had gone to sleep, the one at his cottage by the sea, and the other on his farm at Groton, and had allowed the Government to be run by the heads of Bureaus, in pursuance of general laws, this saving in expenditures of one hundred millions and more in 1872, as compared with 1868, would have occurred all the same. The statement in question, therefore, of General Wilson and Mr. Boutwell, respecting the comparative decrease of the public expenditures, while technically true, is, in the sense in which it has been presented to the people, not true; and as the Secretary, unless he was merely crammed by some Treasury clerk, must have known all the circumstances, the act is, to say the least, discreditable. It might also have occurred to him, we should think, that on the same basis of comparison he might as well have gone back to the year 1866, in place of 1863, and claimed for General Grant's Administration in 1872 a saving of \$235,000,000; or to 1865, and claimed \$1,200,000,000; for the right to make such claims is as legitimate in the last-named years as it is in the one selected.

Trusting to our recollection of the facts, we said in last week's *Nation* that when, two or three years ago, a congratulatory dinner was given to Consul-General Butler, then newly appointed, Mr. Greeley was present and, as we thought, presided. We called attention to this fact because we knew that the Greeley organs would set down Butler's last disgraceful performance to the discredit of the Administration, as they ought; because we knew that they

would assert directly or by implication that were Greeley only in the White House no such appointments would be made; and because we thought his "record," not only in general but in regard to this particular case of Butler's appointment, was not such as to warrant decent men in hoping for anything a bit better from Greeley than we have had from Grant. Upon this the *Tribune* observed that it did not like to say we had told "an unpardonable lie" for fear we should think it unmannerly, but it felt free to say that we had in this instance varied our usual "chatter of innuendoes" by "a plump falsehood"—which remarks, by the way, we do not think very mannerly either. However, manners are of less consequence in such matters than substantial accuracy, and the *Tribune*, if it values accuracy, will be compelled to revise its criticisms, as may be seen from the following paragraph which we take from the eighth page of the *Tribune* of Dec. 2, 1869. The italics are ours:

"DINNER TO GEORGE H. BUTLER, CONSUL-GENERAL TO INDIA.

"Last evening, a dinner of more than usual charm was given to Mr. George H. Butler, on his appointment as Consul-General to India, by his brother journalists and friends. The dinner was served in the style for which the Astor has both an American and a European fame. The critical condition of Mr. Richardson gave a certain subdued feeling to the delight of the occasion, as it prevented the presence of Mr. Greeley; and the announcement of the hope of Mr. Richardson's recovery conveyed during the evening by Mr. Stetson was received with the most enthusiastic joy by a gathering numbering representatives of every journal in New York. Mr. Greeley, *owing to the critical condition of Mr. Richardson, was unable to preside, and sent a note of apology, expressing his regret and his entire sympathy with the object.* Mr. John Swinton, formerly of the *Times*, one of the old editors (though by no means one of the old men) in the city, took his place, and Mr. William Stuart acted as Vice-Chairman. There were present, Chief-Justice Barnard and Judge McCann of the Supreme Court, Recorder Hackett, the Hon. John Devlin, Messrs. Hatch, Van Schoick, Hugh Hastings, Howard, Cummings, Wm. Winter, E. H. House, Wheeler, Schuyler, and Kirwan, and representatives from every journal in New York. The evening was enlivened by many brilliant speeches, and crowned with many good wishes for the new Consul-General to Calcutta."

The Springfield *Republican* completed the true history of Mr. Greeley's behavior when, in its issue of Saturday last, it enquired as follows: "Did he not foolishly agree to preside, and back out because some of his friends objected to the scandal of his presiding at a dinner in favor of so base a notoriety, and because poor Richardson was at the very hour dying in the same hotel?" Our readers will now see just how far we misled them in telling them, as our recollection told us, that Mr. Greeley made one in this precious company of McCunns, Barnards, Proclamation Howards, Stuarts, and Butlers, and how far the *Tribune* is justified in its charge that we wilfully deceived them in making them think that Mr. Greeley would "endorse" such a person as Mr. Butler. We leave them with the *Tribune* of December 2, 1869, and we imagine that further remark from us is unnecessary. Everybody, we suppose, can see where, as between the *Nation* and the *Tribune*, the ugly names which the *Tribune* has brought forward are justly to be applied.

It was to such performances that we referred last week when we advised our readers not to believe firmly in all the statements made nowadays by the *Tribune*. From the beginning of the campaign till now it has exhibited an ingenuity, so to speak, in its treatment of the news and of the journals opposed to it which have been anything but creditable to it. Its treatment, the other day, of *Harper's Weekly*, for example, was such as to show as plainly as any recent event in journalism that even yet the conductors of our newspapers may do things in the exercise of their profession which, if done in private life, would very speedily remand the man who did them to his own society. The facts are these: *Harper's Weekly*, a fortnight or three weeks ago, declared that Mr. Greeley, in November, 1860, printed in the *Tribune* some very savage words about the South—words which, we dare say, multitudes of us subscribed to in the succeeding days of bitterness, but which, nevertheless, were barbarous and unrestrained, and the republication of which, both on account of their barbarity and their headlong unrestraint, is calculated to injure Mr. Greeley's chances of election. This the *Tribune* saw, and it saw, too, that the *Weekly* had made a mistake as to the date of the original publication. What does the

reader suppose that the *Tribune* did? Behave with candor and sense! It took courage when it saw the wrong date, said that it could endure a good deal, but that "forgery" was a little too much for it, talked of "this pretended extract," and then, without blushing, it roundly swore that the *Tribune* of such and such a date contained no such language as was quoted. No more it did; and the object of the writer was to make the public believe that the *Tribune* of no other date contained any such language. Yet word for word the passage can be pointed out in the columns of the *Tribune* for May 1, 1861, instead of November 26, 1860. So, too, the *Evening Post* has been treated with the same dishonesty—there is no other word for it. Ours is a great profession.

The Bar Association has much reason to be gratified at the sight which they see at Saratoga; and the profession in general, which has not been too ready to support the Association with evidence given in public, though it has been lavish of privately-spoken stories of all sorts of rascality on the part of the accused judges, owes a debt of gratitude to the prosecutors. They have well bestowed much hard labor and much valuable time, and we now have as a result, about a twelvemonth since their attack was begun, Cardozo off the bench and in social disgrace among those of his own faith; McCunn off the bench, and dead of anxiety and chagrin; and Barnard in the seventh day of his trial; and his recognized abilities, his many "friends," his money, his brazen impudence, and his evil courage, will, there is probability amounting to moral certainty, all be of no avail to save him from disgraceful retirement. It is a hundred years, Mr. Van Cott pointed out in his excellent address to the Court, since such a trial had occurred in this State, and New Yorkers who have had litigation during the past ten years in some of our courts know whether or not that is a statement which speaks our praise or our disgrace. The senators who constitute the greater part of the court are not all in attendance, but the judges of the Court of Appeals, who constitute the weightiest part of the court, may no doubt be relied upon to ruin this one of our late masters; and, indeed, there is little expectation that it will be worth the while of any, even of the senators who are known to be corrupt, to endeavor anything in Barnard's interest, ready as he is to pay.

The *Times* may fairly be said to have reduced the death-rate of the city within the past two weeks. The unprecedented heat of the month just gone forced upon everybody the thought of guarding against its effects, and by-and-by there was as much talk of the foul atmosphere and deadly nights of the tenement-house region as there is of charity-soup and coal in the hardest weather of our winters. This feeling the *Times* set itself to concentrate and crystallize into definite action, and its good thought has had a great success. Large and small sums at once began coming in, the latter in great part from the children of well-to-do people who have been made to take an interest in their unfortunate little contemporaries, and who gave freely, as indeed it is found that a good number of them constantly do, for the benefit of small waifs and strays in the permanent hospitals and homes near the city. At this present writing, about ten thousand dollars have been subscribed, several picnics have given some thousands of street children a day or two in the country, and some hundreds their first sight of it, and many cases of wretched destitution and distress have been relieved among our more than three hundred thousand tenement-house population. It is not unlikely that the movement may be continued next year, for no summer is healthful and invigorating by the time it gets into Cherry-Street cellars, and the public seldom needs much more than to be reminded of its duty in such respects, and set going in the performance of it, to perform it well and with alacrity.

Three weeks ago we laid before our readers "the main stipulations" of the new agreement between France and Germany as to the payment of the war indemnity by the former, and the evacuation of

the French territory by the latter—as they were telegraphically "reported to be." Having now the text of the treaty before us, we find that the Cable report was very incomplete, some important points in favor of the French being omitted. It was correctly stated that France bound herself to pay one-half of the third milliard francs (\$100,000,000) two months after the ratification; the second half of that milliard early in 1873 ("March 1," however, was a mistake for February 1); the fourth milliard March 1, 1874; and the fourth and last, with the interest accrued on the indemnity, March 1, 1875; and correctly, also, that the Germans obliged themselves to evacuate the Departments of Marne and Haute-Marne on the payment of the first half-milliard, Ardennes and Vosges on the payment of the fourth milliard, and all the rest of the occupied French territory on receiving the last instalment. But what was not reported is, that France is entitled to anticipate, at her will, the payments of Feb. 1, 1873, March 1, 1874, and March 1, 1875, and Germany bound to execute the corresponding evacuations of territory without regard to the dates fixed; and also that France, after paying the fourth milliard, has the right to give "financial guarantees," instead of cash, for the fifth milliard and the interest, which, if found satisfactory, are to relieve her of the further burden of "territorial guaranty"—that is, of all further occupation. Thus France gains immediate relief for two departments, and can deliver the others as speedily as she can pay or get satisfactory security. The advantage is now apparently all on her side, and M. Thiers and M. de Rémusat try to make the most of it before the Assembly and the nation; but, in fact, Bismarck too is a gainer to a great extent. He gets money faster than the treaty of Frankfort entitled him to, gets rid of troubles arising from garrisoning places remote from the German frontier, has the undiminished army of occupation concentrated, and conciliates France by a display of good disposition, as far as conciliation in this case is possible.

The Archbishop of Naples's circular directing the priests of that city to urge their parishioners to go to the polls and take part in the municipal elections, is an event of the first importance in Italian politics. For a dozen years the Catholic party has adhered inflexibly to its motto, "Nè elettori, nè eletti," and totally abstained from exercising the privileges and performing the duties of citizenship. The "new departure" is attributed to the personal decision of the Pope, against the wishes of Cardinal Antonelli, and against the protests of many clerical newspapers. These have even gone so far in their opposition as to suppress part of a speech made by the Pope to the priests of Rome, advising the same course as that recommended at Naples, but without interposing any delay. However, the Catholic voter, anywhere, who acts under instruction has no need of open circulars or the public prints to learn what is expected of him, and the Pope and the Archbishop together have sent a large flock of the faithful to register themselves on the electoral lists, with the undisguised encouragement of the priests. The Roman municipal elections take place next week, and what effect on them the clerical vote, if polled in its full strength, might produce, may be inferred from the fact that 20,000 pupils of both sexes are taught in schools directly controlled by spiritual directors. The movement is viewed with no little anxiety by the secular press and the politicians, but it is difficult to estimate its probable bearing on national politics. A violent dispute has raged in the clerical camp over the question not only whether to abstain or to vote, but whether the return to political activity should extend beyond municipal affairs and include participation in the election of deputies to Parliament. The Jesuits have found here a nice field for their casuistry, following the lead of the Archbishop of Naples, who undertook to show that the one act would not, while the other would, be a recognition of the legitimacy of the present Government. Success in local elections may do much to remove the scruples against a wider use of the suffrage, and in the interest of the country itself it is to be hoped they may be removed. The Liberals and the Radicals would then be compelled to unite against the common enemy, and we should have a beginning of something like genuine parties in Italy.

THE INDIRECT CLAIMS—IS OUR GOVERNMENT LIABLE?

IT becomes apparent that the course pursued by the American Government in regard to the "consequential damages" will occasion, in all probability, a sequel to the history of the Treaty in the form of claims upon itself for having first approved and then abandoned the demands of its citizens upon Great Britain. A correspondent, on another page, brings these claims to our notice, and it will be observed that he grounds the liability of our Government upon the conjoint folly of Congress in refusing to American ship-owners a register of vessels that had been protected during the war by a transfer to British owners, and of the Administration in presenting claims in which it did not believe to the tribunal at Geneva. If the American Government did really believe in these claims, what legal right, the claimants ask, had it to abandon them in the interest of peace, except by itself assuming them? If it does not believe in them, does not its conduct appear too much like that of a sharp attorney who has brought an action which he knows can never be maintained, and, when it comes to a hearing, seeks to save his own reputation by winking to the court, and intimating that the proceedings are merely to amuse the client? If Congress, on the one hand, would not sanction the transfer of American ships to British owners, and, on the other hand, would not grant to the ships a sufficient convoy to keep them out of the clutches of Semmes, ought not Congress to be at the expense of the extra insurance, and, since it would have sentimental music, have the decency to pay the piper?

When the claims of a citizen against a foreign government are claims founded upon contract, his own government is not bound to press them. It can say to him, "This is merely the quarrel of two contractors who voluntarily dealt with each other, though one happens to be a government; you should have looked to your remedy before you made your bargain; we do not owe you protection here." But when the claims of the citizen were caused by the act of the foreign government, the rule is different. He cannot right his own wrongs. Society will not allow him to wage a private war, but will adjudge him an outlaw or a pirate if he attempts it. Society, therefore, as represented by Government, owes him protection; and when a government, as has often been the case, for public reasons, refuses to prosecute such claims, and relinquishes them to the foreign power, it is morally bound, if the claims be just and legal, to pay them itself. And it is this principle of constitutional and international law that our correspondent seeks to invoke.

However plausible this reasoning may seem, we are inclined to think that such claims can never be maintained, though they will doubtless be pressed and cause much loss to many in time and money and temper. In the first place, there is the same objection to them, as against our Government, that has been urged all along as against their presentation at Geneva—they are speculative and intangible, and cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. It is true that the rebel cruisers of British build advanced the rate of insurance, that American shipowners paid the advanced rate and suffered loss; but these were not the only rebel cruisers. As a matter of fact there were the *Sumter* and the *Lady Davis* and the *Florida*, and there were war risks and war rates of insurance before any Confederate vessel had run out of an English port. *How much these rates were advanced* by the complicity or negligence of Great Britain, it is absolutely impossible to say. If the Confederates had failed to get vessels from British waters, it does not follow that they would have had none. They might have—it is morally certain that they would have—procured them elsewhere; and another system might have been even more effective. In fact, they did acquire other vessels by capture—the *Harriet Lane* and the *Morning Light*, the *Clifton* and the *Sachem*, among the number. They were never without the means of creating a maritime war risk, and of forcing on the American shipowner an advanced rate of insurance.

That American shipowners have suffered, and suffered severely, and that their losses have been aggravated by the folly of their own Government, we are not disposed to deny. But this is not enough.

The whole American people are sufferers not only through the mistakes and blunders of Congress, but through its downright voluntary ignorance and its inexcusable, unjustifiable negligence and recklessness. Each of us can prove some positive unquestionable loss from which ordinary legislative intelligence and fidelity would have saved us. It is not enough that we are losers, but our losses must be injuries when weighed in the balances of the law. The damages complained of here are not only remote, conjectural, speculative, but they also are, in a legal sense, of the claimants' own making. He was not compelled to insure his vessel. He voluntarily preferred a certain, limited loss to the risk of greater loss by capture and the contingent risk of holding the offending Government liable. If his ship had been captured, the insurance company would have been the loser and not he. From the loss which would have brought him into contact and conflict with the Government, he chose to escape by paying a price, and it is merely that price which, under the name of enhanced insurance, he seeks to recover. He says in effect to the Government, "Repay me the money which I paid that I might be free of ever having a cause of action against you." It is true that prudent men resort to insurance, but the Government does not insure its own ships; it prefers to be its own insurer and take those risks which a merchant seeks to evade. The law in certain peculiar cases may hold the Government to be the insurer of its citizens' vessels, but it can never be that it will allow those citizens to carry the Government to any insurance company that they select, and make it pay the premium upon whatever policy they choose to take out. There is in this world loss and hardship and injustice that human law cannot reach. Thousands of men have gone into courts and proved their cases, and then have been met, to their astonishment, by *damnum absque injuria*. Thousands of men, too, have established their cases to the satisfaction of courts, and then learnt that the measure of damages was but a thousandth part of what they expected.

What can be harsher than the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the old and celebrated Meade case? The treaty with Spain in 1819 provided that it should be ratified within six months after signature by both governments or be at an end. The American Government ratified it; the Spanish Government refused to do so. Then Mr. Meade, who was one of a great number of American citizens having claims against Spain, with the knowledge and express assent of his own Government, proceeded to prosecute his own claims in Spain. Convinced of their justice, the Spanish Government submitted them to the arbitration of a royal junta or special legal tribunal, and Mr. Meade recovered a judgment amounting to nearly \$400,000. Of this the American Government was notified, and it congratulated Mr. Meade on so fortunate a result. Subsequently negotiations about the treaty were resumed, and it was ratified by Spain and re-ratified by the Senate. By the terms of the treaty the one government ceded the Floridas and the other agreed to advance \$4,000,000 to pay off all American claims against Spain. It was also provided by diplomatic correspondence that Spain should annul certain grants of lands in the Floridas made by it to its own citizens, and this annulment was withheld until the Cortes received from the American Minister at Madrid positive assurances that the judgment recovered by Mr. Meade would be paid by his government.

Now comes the tragical part of this story. First, before the Senate acted finally upon the treaty, Mr. Meade notified it of his judgment, and demanded that specific provision be made for payment of it, or that it be specifically excluded from the benefits of the treaty and he left to prosecute it against Spain. The Senate refused to accede to either part of the request. Next Mr. Meade applied to the Government for payment out of the fund of \$4,000,000. But the Government still refused to pay, and sent Mr. Meade before a Commission to prove his claims anew and take his *pro rata* share of the fund with a hundred persons holding unliquidated claims that Spain had never acknowledged. When Mr. Meade

reached the Commission and presented his judgment, the Commissioners told him that they could not recognize it, and he must produce his original proofs and vouchers. These proofs and vouchers the Spanish tribunal had retained and ordered to be filed in the "Department of Finance." But there chanced to be a provision in the treaty to the effect that if any proofs of any claim were in the possession of the Spanish Government they should be furnished to the American Government when applied for. Under this provision Mr. Meade invoked the aid of his Government, and by it a demand was made on Spain for the required proofs. Spain promptly replied that the vouchers were merged in the judgment; that the judgment was final and conclusive, and the highest evidence of indebtedness; and that the vouchers were a necessary part of their own financial archives. Spain also said that the treaty had been ratified and the private grants annulled on the express assurance of the American Minister that Mr. Meade's judgment should be paid; and that it did not lie in the mouth of the American Government to question its validity or strive to reduce its amount. More diplomatic correspondence followed; but Spain did not give up the vouchers, nor did America attempt to force her to do so. While the two Governments were thus amusing themselves, the three years to which the Commission was limited expired. The Commissioners made their report distributing the entire fund among the claimants whom Spain had never acknowledged, and Mr. Meade, who alone had exercised superior diligence, was left without a dollar and without a remedy. Upon these facts the Supreme Court has decided (9 Wallace Reports, p. 691) that the Government is not liable for the loss of the claim; and Congress, notwithstanding that one of the beneficiaries would be a soldier to whom the country owes so much as it does to General Meade, has never had the grace to pay the claim. A powerful railway company could get from the present Congress a gratuity of land in the city of Washington worth as much as the amount of the Meade claim, but there is as little chance of the equities of an individual citizen being investigated and paid for merely because they are right and just, as there is of his catching larks by the good old remedy of getting the sky to fall. It will, therefore, we think, be best for the claimants whom our correspondent represents to understand that the legality of their claims is at best questionable, and that Congress never pays for its own obstinacy or for the blunders of the Government from any mere sense of justice, equity, or right.

"THE PEOPLE."

WE are sure it is the experience of every man who thinks upon politics, that nothing is more bewildering and unsatisfactory than the expression so common in the newspapers and on the lips of orators, "the people." We all know that "the people" exist. We know that this is "the people's" government, and that what they will to be must be. But when we are told that "the people" think this or that, or desire that this shall be done and that the other thing shall not be done, the mystification and bewilderment commence. "The people have taken charge of this campaign," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "and want Greeley"; we hear elsewhere that "the people" care nothing for civil-service reform. Now, plainly, some of "the people" want Greeley and some do not; some are interested in civil-service reform and others care nothing about it. We must know first, one would think, who are "the people" before we can discern their wishes and opinions. The meaning of the expression varies greatly. In one sense, and perhaps the commonest, it indicates pretty much all the inhabitants of the country. In this sense, we may be pretty sure that "the people" are the apothecary at the next corner, the dry-goods clerk, the grocer opposite, the truck farmer at the market. It will be tolerably safe to conclude that "the people" the country through are not unlike these citizens. But when we come to interrogate them on questions of the day, it really looks as if "the people" had no opinions at all. We may go first to the dry-goods clerk, and then to the apothecary, and then to the truck farmer, and, so

long as we do not advocate arson or monarchy, we may announce any one of a half-dozen opinions upon any topic of the day with almost a certainty either of his assent or of his indifferent silence. The taciturn, greedy man opposite us at the restaurant, who looks morose enough to die for his principles, we find, upon politics at least, to be very nearly destitute of principles. Yet the theory of our government is that the apothecary and the dry-goods clerk and uncommunicative person with his feet up in the smoking-room of the hotel, are the rightful and actual authors of all that is done by Congress and the President. Manifestly, this is not the case.

There are questions, indeed, upon which these persons have opinions. Of course one would not think of approaching the average man of the people with advanced views on cumulative voting or compulsory education. In the matter of rotation in office, if one asserted either that "a man should hold his office so long as he fills it satisfactorily," or that "every dog should have his day," he would recognize a semblance of reason and fairness in either opinion, and would good-naturedly respond, "That's so." But if he were told that Jeff. Davis or Mrs. Cady Stanton should be sent to the Senate, he would be ready enough with his opposition and his ridicule. There are questions, then, in which all the people are interested. All are not interested in civil-service reform, though there are many who are greatly interested in it. A yet smaller number care, say, for cumulative voting and compulsory education. We think we may here venture a classification which, albeit rough, is yet real. There is, separated from the mass of the people by superior education, in part, possibly by the nature of their employment, but more certainly by individual intelligence and force of character, a small class who watch politics with an eagerness and interest which the rest do not possess. Upon questions of a technical and non-essential character the people relegate to these the final judgment. A large proportion of the people felt the necessity of having some guarantee for the protection of the negro when the rebel States were readmitted. Only a small portion, however, gave their active assent to the amendment limiting the basis of representation to the voters instead of the number of inhabitants. Perhaps not half "the people" knew what the amendment was; but the end was one which "the people" thought a right one, and they left the means to that minority among themselves who are given to thinking upon technical matters of politics. This intelligent minority, it should be remarked, is a very fluctuating one. It varies according to the popular nature of the question to be decided, and there is every variety of question with every degree of capacity for popular interest and comprehension.

Some qualifications should be made, however. The grocer, apothecary, and dry-goods clerk to whom we have referred are instances chosen from the city. Persons who live in cities and whose field of observation is limited to them are apt to underrate the interest of the average man in politics. It is undoubtedly true that the villager and the agriculturist are warmer politicians than the city tradesman and mechanic. They have more leisure and fewer objects with which to amuse and occupy it. Moreover, they are known and their "antecedents" are known; they are usually committed. Opinions with them are hereditary. On the other hand, the man who has just moved into the street or who does not know his next neighbor is under no such stress. He may change his opinions if he chooses, or, which is easier, he may cease to have any.

We are apt also to underrate the intensity of resistance in the people to a change to which they do not consent. There is an inertia in large bodies of men which is surprising when we examine its exceeding lightness in the minds of individuals. San Domingo is a case in point. Very few people held strongly the opinion that San Domingo should not be annexed. The whim of the country was to humor Grant, and for a time the people permitted themselves to toy with the idea. But consent was withheld. An ordinary observer would have thought that if they coquetted with and talked favorably of it to-day, they would approve to-morrow. But the approval

was delayed. That is precisely the condition of the woman suffrage question at the present time. The people simply do not consent, the politicians abandon it, and the agitators talk against the wind.

We were started upon this train of reflection by the remark of the *Chicago Tribune* that "the people" want Greeley. Now, manifestly, if they want him, they will have him. The whole people are interested in a Presidential election. The issues may be such as to enlist the attention only of the intelligent minority; but all vote. If opinion does not decide their preference, some other consideration will. As far as principles go, both the candidates profess to do the same thing, and each claims that he will do it better than the other. Custom in such a case will, we may be sure, go far to decide the action of the average voter. It will be more in accordance with a Republican's custom to vote for Grant than with a Democrat's to vote for Greeley. Between the two men and upon their comparative fitness for the place the average voter will perhaps go through no course of reasoning, but, as we have said, he has a way of talking of the latest political novelty in a complacent, good-natured manner, and then, when the time comes, of refusing to move because he does not understand it. Thus he may play for a while at supporting Greeley, but when the time comes we think it likely that he will do just what he has done with the San Domingo question and the woman suffrage question—simply withhold his consent.

Mr. Greeley received a nomination from two conventions, to both of which he was objectionable. At Cincinnati he was the aversion of many, the fourth, fifth, or sixth choice of most, and the afterthought of all. His nominators meet again in council and conclude that while he is personally objectionable to most of them, it is expedient to adhere to him. Another convention meets, candid members of which find him personally objectionable. All wish that some man whose experience was more in accordance with their own could be had. Now, politicians are compelled from ulterior views to do this and that and the other thing which they would rather not do; but "the people," having no ulterior views, have only to please themselves. If the candidate is personally objectionable to the mass of them, they need not vote for him. That anybody can tell before election whether he is or is not objectionable to them, we do not believe.

ON THE RATIO OF INCREASE IN OUR NATIONAL EXPENDITURES.

ON the 23d of January, 1872, General Garfield, Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, in introducing the "Civil Appropriation Bill," took occasion, in a financial speech of very great originality and ability, to call the attention of Congress to the circumstance that while the increase of the public expenditures in England (Great Britain?) "during the last fifteen years of peace had been only one and three-quarters per cent., compounded annually," those of the United States, under similar circumstances of peace, had increased in a much greater ratio; and that an opinion had been given him, by one who had investigated the subject, that this increase was equal to about *eight per cent.*, compounded annually. General Garfield did not give the name of his authority or the data which may have warranted the expression of such an opinion; and he furthermore expressed a modified dissent from it in the following language:—

"I can hardly believe it; yet I am sure that somewhere between that (eight per cent.) and the English rate (one and three-quarters per cent.) will be found our rate of increase in times of peace." And, again, after calling attention to the fact that the ordinary movement of our expenditures depends upon the action of two forces, the natural growth of population, and the extension of our territory (the latter now possibly at an end), he continues: "No doubt the expenditures will always increase from year to year; but they ought not to increase by the same per cent. from year to year; the rate of increase ought gradually to grow less."

Now, whether General Garfield, in these expressions, meant to hint at a condition of things which had come to his knowledge as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and of which, as a supporter of the Administration, he did not care to speak openly, I know not; but as every person in the country interested in the reduction of taxation, and in the consequent cost of production, must be also interested in knowing the exact truth in re-

spect to our national expenditures, I propose to take up the figures of the most recent official statements, and, as a matter of public interest, simply enquire, What inferences are fairly deducible from their examination? And this more especially, because elaborate financial statements, prepared in the Treasury Department, have recently been put forth by Messrs. Dawes of the House and Logan of the Senate, which, whether so intended or not, have most unquestionably the effect of leading the public to believe that the national expenditures, instead of increasing, are rapidly diminishing, and that therefore all conclusions, like those before noticed as arrived at by the present Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, must of necessity be erroneous.

And in entering upon this examination, I find, first, that the expenses of the National Government for the fiscal years 1869, 1870, 1871, exclusive of interest, premiums on the purchase of bonds, and payments on the principal of the public debt, were as follows:—

1869.	Eight months Johnson and four months Grant,	\$190,496,000
1870	161,421,000
1871	165,861,000 *

There is thus an apparent decrease in the national expenditures for the fiscal year 1871 of \$25,075,000 as compared with the expenditures for like purposes for the fiscal year 1869. But on the 30th of June, 1870, the requirement for expenditure for interest on the public debt was \$7,150,000 less than it was on the 30th of June, 1869; and on the 30th of June, 1871, this charge had been further reduced by the sum of \$13,772,000. Assuming \$10,661,000 to represent the average diminution of the interest charge for the entire fiscal year 1871 (the reduction having been progressive by months), this \$25,075,000 reduction of the national expenditures would be reduced to \$14,414,000. On the other hand, there must be carried to the credit of expenditures the sum of \$5,967,000, the amount disbursed from pensions during the year 1871, in addition to the amount similarly disbursed during the year 1869; inasmuch as this payment, like the interest account, is one which may be regarded as not included within the list of ordinary or controllable expenditures. Making these allowances in the nature of credit and debit, the expenditures of the National Government for ordinary purposes were apparently \$20,381,000 less for the fiscal year 1871 than they were for the fiscal year 1869.

We use the word *apparently*. For this there is a good and sufficient reason, as will appear evident when it is remembered that in order to demonstrate an actual *bona-fide* reduction of expenditures, the basis of comparison should, as far as possible, be made the same in both instances. Let us endeavor to establish such a basis, and then see what results are afforded.

The largest single items of the yearly national expenditures, excepting interest and payments on the principal of the public debt, have, since the close of the war, been those returned under the respective heads of the Army and Navy. What these have been since and including the last year of the war, 1865, is shown by the following table:

	ARMY.	NAVY.
1865.....	\$1,030,690,400.....	\$124,617,434
1866.....	283,546,775.....	43,831,692
1867.....	95,224,115.....	31,034,011
1868.....	123,466,648.....	25,775,502
1869.....	78,501,990.....	20,000,757
1870.....	57,655,675.....	21,780,229
1871.....	44,040,093.....	19,431,027

A glance at this table will show that during the Administration of Andrew Johnson, the reduction of the annual expenditures on account of the army was wonderfully rapid and continuous, and that the expenditure for the year 1869 under this head was \$204,652,000 less than it was in the year 1865, the first fiscal year after the close of the war, and after the general disbanding and paying-off of the troops had taken place; the only exception to a continuous reduction in this period being due, in 1868, to extraordinary disbursements on account of bounties. From 1869 to 1871 inclusive, the reduction of this same class of expenditures, through the influence of the same causes, has also continued, but not to such an extent as to make them exceptional or worthy of being brought forward as matters of special credit or notice.

In the case of the expenditures on account of the navy, the table shows that almost the entire reduction effected since the war under this head took place within the period of Mr. Johnson's Administration; and that since the control of the national affairs by the Administration of Gen. Grant, there have been no material reductions of expenditure in this department of the Government.

Another point. It would also seem clear that, concurrent with a diminish-

* In this year the expenditures of the War Department are returned in their proper place at \$35,799,000; but in a note to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury (p. v. 187) the reader is informed that this return does not include the expenditure of \$8,285,000 derived from the sale of arms, and that the true expenditures on account of the War Department were really \$44,080,000.

ed necessity for the expenditure of money by reason of a transition of the military and naval departments of the Government from a war to a peace basis, the other expenses of the nation, exclusive of what may be involved in the payment of interest and the funded debt, should also be reduced in a corresponding ratio. Whether and to what extent this has been done will be shown by the following table:

TABLE SHOWING THE EXPENDITURES OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, EXCLUSIVE OF INTEREST, PREMIUMS, AND PAYMENTS ON THE PRINCIPAL OF THE PUBLIC DEBT, FROM 1867 TO 1871 INCLUSIVE.

Years.	Aggregate Expenditures, exclusive of interest, premiums, and principal of the debt.	Army and Navy Expenditures.	Pensions.	All other Expenditures.
1867.....	\$202,936,000.....	\$126,258,000.....	\$30,936,000.....	\$55,752,000.....
1868.....	22,912,000.....	149,021,000.....	23,782,000.....	57,109,000.....
1869.....	190,494,000.....	98,502,000.....	28,476,000.....	63,516,000.....
1870.....	164,421,000.....	79,437,000.....	28,310,000.....	56,644,000.....
1871.....	165,861,000.....	63,511,000.....	34,443,000.....	67,907,000.....

By the above table, therefore, whose figures are a transcript of the official records (see Report Sec. of the Treasury, 1871, pp. 13, 19), it appears that what may be termed the miscellaneous or ordinary expenses of the Government, *i.e.*, the executive, legislative, judiciary, and Indian, or those which may be regarded as more especially within the control of an Administration, have increased annually during the last few years as follows:

From 1867 to 1868 (the last full year of the Johnson Administration), the increase was \$1,357,000, or at the rate of 2.43 per cent. per annum.

For the fiscal year 1868-9 (eight months Johnson and four months Grant), an increase of \$6,407,000, or at the rate of 11.2 per cent. per annum. The expenditure this year, however, includes \$7,200,000 gold, on account of the purchase of Alaska.

For the fiscal year 1869-70, a decrease of \$6,872,000, or at the rate of 10.8 per cent. per annum.

For the fiscal year 1870-1, an increase of \$11,263,000, or at the rate of 19.8 per cent. per annum.

The above table also demonstrates that the increase of the civil, miscellaneous, and Indian expenditures of the general Government for the year ending June 30, 1871 (the second full fiscal year of Gen. Grant's Administration), over the corresponding expenditures of the year ending June 30th, 1868 (the last full fiscal year of the Johnson Administration), has amounted to \$10,793,000 or 13.9 per cent.—an average of 4.72 per cent. per annum as compared with an average increase of the peace expenditures of England of 1.75 per cent. The extent of the increase in this class of the national expenditures may be furthermore realized, by recalling to mind that while the entire expenditures of the Government in 1859-60 for the army, navy, Indians, pensions, miscellaneous, and civil service was but \$30,054,000, the expenditures for miscellaneous and civil service alone for the fiscal year 1870-71 exceeded this amount by \$427,000.

It would, however, be unjust to convey the impression that for this extraordinary increase of expenditures the existing Administration is solely or mainly accountable. On the contrary, the increase in question commenced during the last year of Mr. Lincoln's Administration—the year in which the war was brought to a termination, and when all other expenditures, except for pensions, began rapidly to diminish. Thus, previously to the war, the maximum amount ever expended in one year for civil service, miscellaneous, and Indians, was \$32,919,000, namely, in 1857. From that date, these expenditures diminished to \$27,287,000 in 1859; \$23,711,000 in 1862; and \$30,200,000 in 1864. The first fiscal year after peace, 1865, showed, however, a very large increase, namely, \$43,900,000; and from that time, as shown by the following table, the increase has been singularly rapid, and, with the exception of a single year, continuous.

TABLE SHOWING THE INCREASE IN THE NATIONAL PEACE EXPENDITURES FOR CIVIL SERVICE, MISCELLANEOUS, AND INDIANS, FROM 1866 TO 1871 INCLUSIVE.

1866.....	\$43,900,000.....
1867.....	55,752,000.....
1868.....	57,109,000.....
1869.....	63,516,000.....
1870.....	56,644,000.....
1871.....	67,907,000.....
Average annual increase 9.09 per cent.	

If we assume, therefore, this class of expenditures as typifying more than any other the fiscal policy of the Government in time of peace—an assumption every way legitimate, inasmuch as these expenses more than almost any others are more under control and less subject to unlooked-for contingencies—then the intimation made by Gen. Garfield in his speech as chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations in January, 1872, that the current increase of our expenditures in time of peace was at the rate of *about 8 per cent. compounded annually*, was almost strictly in accordance with

* Bounty disbursements included.

the truth; and as it seems very unlikely that so important a matter should escape the attention of so keen an observer as Gen. Garfield, we are almost warranted in inferring that the reason why he hinted at the fact instead of speaking openly, was a natural apprehension lest the revelation made public through an official channel should result in serious detriment to the existing Administration.

It is very easy to say, as Senator Wilson, Mr. Dawes, and others have said, that all this increase of expenditure comes out of the war and is unavoidable; but do the facts warrant such assertions? Let us see.

Although there were probably much fewer Indians to take care of in 1871 than there were in 1866 (44,021 by census of 1860, and 25,731 by census of 1870); though the existence of railroads across the plains has diminished the cost of transportation, and the appreciation of the currency has increased the purchasing power of money; yet the expenses of the Indian Department have increased from \$3,235,000 in 1866 to \$7,426,000 in 1871; or in the ratio of 125 per cent. It is certainly difficult to see what the war, or rather its termination, has had to do with this result.

Again, for the fiscal year 1866, "the expenses incident to the assessment and collection" of an internal revenue of \$310,303,000 were returned at \$5,800,752. In 1871 "the expenses of assessing and collecting" a similar revenue of \$144,011,000 were returned at \$7,075,000. In 1866 the expenses of the officers and clerks of the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington, superintending the assessment and collection of an annual revenue of \$310,000,000, were returned at \$277,672; in 1871 the expenses of the officers and clerks of the same bureau, superintending the assessment and collection of an annual revenue of \$144,000,000, were returned at \$380,922.

On the 1st of March, 1869, the number of gaugers in the Internal Revenue service is reported at 742; and on the 1st of December, 1871, at 986; but while the receipts from the taxation of distilled spirits for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1870, amounted to \$55,606,000, the receipts from the same sources for the succeeding year 1871, with the above-noted increase of officers, with the taxes and laws remaining in every particular the same, and with no noteworthy depression of business or increase in temperance, fell off \$9,325,000, or to a total of \$46,281,000. Now it may be that the war had really something to do with these results, but if so, it is certainly not easy to discover the connection.

The comparative expenditures and work of the mints and assay offices of the United States are also, under this head, matters of interest. Thus in 1858 the coinage operations were reported at 53,491,655 pieces, having a value of \$31,357,033, and the expenditures at \$313,487. In 1865 the account was 33,427,923 pieces; value, \$39,672,647; expense, \$354,504. In 1871, 16,753,458 pieces; value, \$40,187,409; expenses, \$354,043. In short, an impartial, unpartisan review of the Administration of General Grant in respect to the national expenditure shows that it has been of the most ordinary, average character, and that it has really made no successful effort to resist the constant tendency experienced since the war to increase the cost of the Government to the people; certainly not in all those departments over which the Executive and his officers have the greatest control and influence. It has reduced, it is true, the national debt, but not to so great an extent as was effected in an equal time under the Administration of Mr. Johnson; and in both cases the means of reduction were due to the retention by Congress of taxes imposed originally for war purposes, and in the enactment of which neither the Administration of Mr. Johnson nor of General Grant had the slightest participation.

With the reduction of the debt, which could not be avoided unless the surplus revenues derived from war taxes were misappropriated or stolen, has come also necessarily and without the special effort of any one a reduction of the annual interest.

Again, by reason of laws enacted after the close of the war, providing for the disbanding and reduction of the army, the expenses of the War Department have also been reduced under the Administration of Gen. Grant from \$78,000,000 in 1869, to \$44,000,000 in 1871; but in accordance with the provisions of these same laws, the expenses of the army were reduced under the Administration of Mr. Johnson from \$253,000,000 in 1866 to \$95,000,000 in 1867 and \$78,000,000 in 1869. In like manner, the expenses of the navy, which have been reduced under the Administration of Gen. Grant from \$30,000,757 in 1869 to \$19,431,000 in 1871, were cut down under the Administration of Mr. Johnson from \$43,000,000 in 1863 to \$20,000,000 in 1869. On the other hand, the cost of the civil service, miscellaneous, and Indians, as already shown, has increased under the administration of Gen. Grant at an average of nearly five per cent. per annum.

It ought also to be borne in mind in instituting these comparisons of expenditures, that the purchasing power of the dollar made use of by the Government was always much less, as measured by gold, under the Johnson Administration, than it has been under that of Gen. Grant; the average

premium on gold for the year 1866, when the civil service and Indians cost \$43,000,000, having been in the neighborhood of fifty, while the premium for the year 1870, when \$67,000,000 were expended for like purposes, was not in excess of fifteen, per cent. Comparing like things with like, therefore, the accounts of the Johnson Administration as officially stated are really made to appear larger than they ought to be, while for similar reasons those of Gen. Grant's are made to appear smaller. How much this difference operates in the comparison to the disadvantage of the former, of course cannot be accurately stated; but that it constitutes a not inconsiderable item, as far as the purchase of army and navy supplies, Indian goods, building material, paper, and the like are concerned, cannot be doubted.

The attempt, therefore, to make out a claim for Gen. Grant's Administration that it has conducted the affairs of the Government with extraordinary and unparalleled economy is simply a piece of political chicanery and trickery, unworthy alike of those occupying high public station who prefer the claim, and of those who without investigation allow themselves to be deceived by it; and which cannot for one moment withstand the test of an impartial examination. To establish the converse of this proposition furthermore would be equivalent to imparting to the Administration of Andrew Johnson a character for great financial achievements and economy, beside which neither the Administration of Gen. Grant, nor hardly any which is likely to succeed it, could be mentioned in comparison.

DAVID A. WELLS.

THE PROTESTANT SCHISM.

PARIS, July 1, 1872.

WHAT I had foreseen has happened. The Synod, after a discussion of more than a week, which became warmer day after day, has adopted the confession of faith proposed by the Orthodox party, by a majority of 62 votes against 46. This confession proclaims "the sovereign authority of the Holy Scriptures on points of faith, and salvation by faith in Christ, the only Son of God, who died for our sins, and rose from the dead for our justification." The Reformed Church of France announces also in this confession of faith "that it will keep and maintain as the basis of its teaching, of its service, and of its discipline, the great Christian facts represented in its sacraments, celebrated in its religious ceremonies, and expressed in its liturgy, especially in the confession of sins in the symbol of the Apostles (the Apostles' Creed), and in the liturgy of the Holy Supper." Such is the formula which has been adopted, and it will be found very binding by all those who know the liturgy of the Reformed Church and the text of the Apostles' Creed and of the confession of sins. While the discussion on these points was going on in the Synod, I read in the paper published by M. Coquerel, the *Renaissance*, an article written by him, in which he called the Confession of Sins a Huguenot prayer, which it certainly is; but I wondered that this term could be employed disdainfully by a French reformer. M. Coquerel also said that the whole confession of faith was *baroque*, a word which is almost the equivalent of comical. He maintained also that the so-called "Apostles' Creed was not the work of the Apostles.

In the Synod the greatest speech against the confession of faith was made by M. Colani, who was some time ago professor of theology at the Faculty of Strasbourg. He has edited for some years a theological review, and is considered one of the most learned exegetes of the time. He spoke with much moderation, and first attacked the scholastic character of the declaration of faith. In his opinion it was not religious enough. "Such a declaration could never come to the lips of a dying man; it is not made for the people; it is made by theologians against theologians." M. Colani did not acknowledge the right of the authors of the declaration to consider themselves the heirs of the Huguenots of La Rochelle. For, in fact, they have abandoned the great tradition of the school of La Rochelle in not mentioning the Trinity, nor the absolute divinity of Christ himself, and they have made this renunciation only in order to swell the majority. They have equally been unfaithful to the radical principles of Calvinism, as they recognize the freedom of the human will, and they limit the sovereign authority of the Holy Scriptures to matters of faith. The author of "Christian Meditations" would have been considered a heretic by the old Synods. M. Colani made a review of the "great Christian facts" (such are the words of the declaration) enjoined by the sacraments, the ecclesiastical ceremonies, the liturgy, and the Apostles' Creed. He discussed freely all the events of the life of Christ. Orthodoxy has a tendency to bring all the discussions concerning the life of Christ to this one point: What has become of the body of Christ? "You calumniate yourselves," said M. Colani, "in proclaiming before the world that on that point rests the foundation of your faith, for I believe you to be religious. Vote as you please; we will appeal from your glorified Christ, whom we do not know, whom we do not understand, to the historic and authentic Christ who told us, 'Come unto me, all

ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' We refuse him the pompous titles you give him, for the only title which we would give him, that of Good, he has refused: 'Why callest thou me good?' We believe in the forgiving of God, without believing in the expiation. We call ourselves Christians, without believing in a supernatural history of Christianity, for Christ himself attached no religious value to miracles. Your declaration could be signed by Catholics; the Protestant note is wanting in it. What spirit has come over you that you cannot mark the difference with your eternal enemy? You are the church, you say; but this Protestant people whom you represent, our old Huguenot populations, what will they say when they find nothing Protestant in your declaration? Our Protestant people will have no schism. We will remain in the church, as we remain in our own family. We will not be silent. You must keep us or turn us out. If the people itself, the Protestant people, turns us out, we will go with a depressed heart; but not before."

M. Guizot answered M. Colani. He began by saying that the Synod had no intention of turning anybody out of the Church; on the contrary, the Church would do all there was in its power to keep all its flock. But when it comes to the elders of the Church, to those who have functions in it—pastors, deacons, even electors—the Church must ask from them some token of their fidelity to its own doctrines. The Church ought to be neither tyrannical nor anarchical; she must, with all the moderation she is capable of, maintain a tradition. "The great evil in the Church is a certain expression of incredulity, of impiety, or gross materialism, and of learned and scientific materialism." He spoke of the German doctrines; they are nothing better than a renovation of paganism. He does not approve any more of pantheism than of the schools of historical criticism which have attacked all the Christian facts, one after the other, contained in the Holy Scriptures. The Church is patient and indulgent; but she cannot help seeing those who attack the miraculous birth and the resurrection of Christ. Science has enlarged the limits of human knowledge; but science cannot satisfy the religious appetite of human nature, taken individually or taken collectively. Is there a philosopher who has been the founder of a religion? Socrates? Plato? No; the impious word of Laplace, "I have no need of the hypothesis of God," is the best image of to-day's materialism. All those who are still Christian, and believers in a supernatural life, must become more united against the invasion of materialist doctrines.

The question is now settled. The Declaration of Faith has been adopted by the Synod. It will not have the binding character of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Adherence to the principles of the declaration will not be proved by a solemn oath; the ministers themselves will not be called upon to give an explicit pledge on the subject. It will be a point of honor for those who do not share the principles of the Declaration to leave the Church. It is to be expected that the majority of the members of the Church and of the ministers will remain in it: only a few probably will leave it without much noise. It will be difficult, for instance, for Coquerel, who calls Renan his dear friend, and shares almost entirely his views on the history and on the character of Christ, to remain in a church which has adopted a declaration of faith so contrary to his own principles. Time will show what will be the conduct of the most advanced liberals; the Synod is not yet ended, and many questions of detail concerning the organization of the future Synod, the election of the delegates, and so on, are discussed with much warmth. Passions run very high, and there have been some painful incidents during the last few days. Coquerel is said to have told M. Guizot, not aloud, but so as to be overheard by several people: "You killed my father." This unparliamentary and unsynodical attack produced such an effect on M. Guizot, that the next day he sent in his resignation to the Synod on the plea of old age and ill-health.

The net result of the Synod has been this: the Reformed Church of France has organized a synodical system, and will in future have not only general synods, but provincial synods. The separation of Church and State has been discussed, and the idea has been favorably received. The Protestants of France are not in a position to become persecutors; there has been no attempt to force the new declaration on anybody, and it must only be looked upon as an expression of the actual feelings of the majority of the Protestants. These feelings may change; the next Synod can add or subtract. The Church will have a permanent system of representation, and it is clear that this will help to give it more vitality and, I believe, in the long run, more influence on the community.

The general public has hardly taken a sufficient interest in the proceedings of the Synod. The political questions of the day are so heated, so engross-

* On the 6th of July the Synod voted, by the same majority as for the confession of faith, that every candidate for the ministry should hereafter, before being ordained, make a declaration of his adhesion to the faith of the church as established by the General Synod. There was a tacit understanding that ministers already settled should not be compelled to make a confession.—ED. NATION.

ing, that this is not much to be wondered at. The new negotiations with Germany for the liberation of our territory, the new taxes, the struggles between the President and the Assembly, are the theme of all conversations and the preoccupation of every mind. But nations have an inner life as well as an outer life, and I hope that the discussions of the Synod are the germ of a Protestant *renaissance* in France. The Commune has done much to disgust the public mind with anti-religious and materialist doctrines; the Catholic Church will, of course, benefit by this reaction, but it will not alone profit by it. There is in all classes, among the rich as well as among the poor, a sort of vast *residuum*, which is a ground well prepared for religious doctrines. Philosophy and Catholicism are, so to speak, extremes; between the two, the Reformed Church can find—ought at least to look for—converts. If it reduces itself to a mere sort of historical philosophy, it will find no more than if it becomes a branch of Catholicism. The country of Calvin will perhaps give us, some day, an active and energetic exponent of the moral and intellectual instincts of the masses, which are now either indifferent or stupid.

A EUROPEAN SUMMER.

II.—LICHFIELD AND WARWICK.

OXFORD, June 11.

TO write at Oxford of anything but Oxford requires, on the part of the sentimental tourist, no small power of mental abstraction. Yet I have it at heart to pay to three or four other scenes recently visited the debt of an enjoyment hardly less profound than my relish for this scholastic paradise. First among these is the cathedral city of Lichfield. I say the city, because Lichfield has a character of its own apart from its great ecclesiastical feature. In the centre of its little market-place—dullest and sleepest of provincial market-places—rises a huge effigy of Dr. Johnson, the *genius loci*, who was constructed, humanly, with very nearly as large an architecture as the great abbey. The doctor's statue, which is of some plaster-like compound, painted a shiny brown, and of no great merit of design, fills out the vacant dullness of the little square in much the same way as his massive personality occupies—with just a margin for Garriek—the record of his native town. In one of the volumes of Croker's "Boswell" is a steel plate of the old Johnsonian birth-house, by the aid of a vague recollection of which I detected the dwelling beneath its modernized frontage. It bears no mural inscription, and, save for a hint of antiquity in the receding basement, with pillars supporting the floor above, seems in no especial harmony with Johnson's time or fame. Lichfield in general appeared to me, indeed, to have little to say about her great son, beyond the fact that the dreary provincial quality of the local atmosphere, in which it is so easy to fancy a great intellectual appetite turning sick with inanition, may help to explain the doctor's subsequent, almost ferocious, fondness for London. I walked about the silent streets, trying to repeople them with wigs and short clothes, and, while I lingered near the cathedral, endeavored to guess the message of its Gothic graces to Johnson's ponderous classicism. But I achieved but a colorless picture at the best, and the most vivid image in my mind's eye was that of the London Coach facing towards Temple Bar, with the young author of "Rasselas" scowling near-sightedly from the cheapest seat. With him goes the interest of Lichfield town. The place is stale, without being really antique. It is as if that prodigious temperament had absorbed and appropriated its original vitality.

If every dull provincial town, however, formed but a girdle of quietude to a cathedral as rich as that of Lichfield, one would thank it for its unimportant vacancy. Lichfield Cathedral is great among churches, and bravely performs the prime duty of a cathedral—that of seeming for the time (to minds unsophisticated by architectural culture) the finest, on the whole, of all cathedrals. This one is rather oddly placed, on the slope of a hill, the particular spot having been chosen, I believe, because sanctified by the sufferings of certain primitive martyrs; but it is fine to see how its upper portions surmount any crookedness of posture, and its great towers overtake in mid-air the conditions of perfect symmetry.

The close is a singularly pleasant one. A long sheet of water expands behind it, and, besides leading the eye off into a sweet green landscape, renders the inestimable service of reflecting the three spires as they rise above the great trees which mask the Palace and the Deanery. These august abodes cope the northern side of the slope, and stand back behind huge gateposts and close-wrought gates which seem to enclose a sort of Georgian atmosphere. Before them stretches a row of huge elms, which must have been old when Johnson was young; and between these and the long-butressed wall of the cathedral, you may stroll to and fro among as pleasant a mixture of influences (I imagine) as any in England. You can stand back here, too, from the west front further than in many cases, and examine at your ease its lavish decoration. You are, perhaps, a trifle too much at your

ease; for you soon discover what a more cursory glance might not betray, that the immense façade has been covered with stucco and paint, that an effigy of Charles II., in wig and plumes and trunk-hose, of almost Gothic grotesqueness, surmounts the middle window; that the various other statues of saints and kings have but recently climbed into their niches; and that the whole expanse, in short, is a *pastiche*. All this was done some fifty years ago, in the taste of that day as to restoration, and yet it but partially mitigates the impressiveness of the high façade, with its brace of spires, and the great embossed and image-fretted surface, to which the lowness of the portals (the too frequent reproach of English abbeys) seems to give a loftier reach. Passing beneath one of these low portals, however, I found myself gazing down as noble a church vista as any I remember. The Cathedral is of magnificent length, and the screen between nave and choir has been removed, so that from stem to stern, as we may say, of the great vessel of the church, it is all a mighty avenue of multitudinous slender columns, terminating in what seems a great screen of ruby and sapphire and topaz—one of the finest east windows in England. The Cathedral is narrow in proportion to its length; it is the long-drawn aisle of the poet in perfection, and there is something grandly elegant in the unity of effect produced by this undiverted perspective. The charm is increased by a singular architectural phantasy. Standing in the centre of the doorway, you perceive that the eastern wall does not directly face you, and that from the beginning of the choir the receding aisle deflects slightly to the left—in suggestion of the droop of the Saviour's head on the cross. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Gilbert Scott has recently been at work—to excellent purpose, from what the sacristan related of the barbarous encroachments of the last century. This extraordinary period expended an incalculable amount of imagination in proving that it had none. Universal whitewash was the least of its offences. But this has been scraped away, and the solid stonework left to speak for itself—the delicate capitals and cornices disencrusted and discreetly rechiselled, and the whole temple aesthetically rededicated. Its most beautiful feature, happily, has needed no repair, for its perfect beauty has been its safeguard. The great choir window of Lichfield is the noblest glass-work I remember to have seen. I have met nowhere colors so chaste and grave, and yet so rich and true, nor a cluster of designs so piously decorative, and yet so pictorial. Such a window as this seems to me the most sacred ornament of a great church—to be, not like vault and screen and altar, the dim contingent promise of heaven, but the very assurance and presence of it. This Lichfield glass is not the less interesting for being visibly of foreign origin. Exceeding so obviously as it does the range of English genius in this line, it indicates at least the heavenly treasure stored up in continental churches. It dates from the early sixteenth century, and was transferred hither sixty years ago from the suppressed abbey of Heckenroode, in Belgium. This, however, is not all of Lichfield. You have not seen it till you have strolled and restrolled along the close on every side, and watched the three spires constantly change their relation as you move and pause. Nothing can well be finer than the combination of the two lesser ones soaring equally in front, and the third riding tremendously the magnificently enstained line of the roof. At a certain distance against the sky, this long ridge seems something infinite, and the great spire to sit astride of it like a giant mounted on a mastodon. Your sense of the huge mass of the building is deepened by the fact that though the central steeple is of double the elevation of the others, you see it, from some points, borne back in a perspective which drops it to half their stature, and lifts them into immensity. But it would take long to tell all that one sees and fancies and thinks in a lingering walk about so great a church as this. There are few deeper pleasures than such a contemplative stroll.

To walk in quest of any object that one has more or less tenderly dreamed of—to find your way—to steal upon it softly—to see at last, if it is church or castle, the tower-tops peeping above elms or beeches—to push forward with a rush, and emerge, and pause, and draw that first long breath which is the compromise between so many sensations—this is a pleasure left to the tourist even after the broad glare of photography has dissipated so many of the sweet mysteries of travel—even in a season when he is fatally apt to meet a dozen fellow-pilgrims returning from the shrine, each *gros Jean comme devant*, or to overtake a dozen more, telegraphing their impressions down the line as they arrive. Such a pleasure I lately enjoyed, quite in its perfection, in a walk to Haddon Hall, along a meadow-path by the Wye, in this interminable English twilight, which I am never weary of admiring, watch in hand. Haddon Hall lies among Derbyshire hills, in a region infested, I was about to write, by Americans. But I achieved my own sly pilgrimage in perfect solitude; and as I desecrated the gray walls among the rook-haunted elms, I felt not like a tourist, but like an adventurer. I have certainly had, as a tourist, few more charming moments than some—such as any one, I suppose, is free to have—that I passed on a little ruined gray bridge which spans, with its single narrow arch, a trickling stream at the base of the emi-

nence from which those walls and trees look down. The twilight deepened, the ragged battlements and the low, broad oriels glanced dusky from the foliage, the rooks wheeled and clamored in the glowing sky, and if there had been a ghost on the premises, I certainly ought to have seen it. In fact, I did see it, as we see ghosts nowadays. I felt the incommunicable spirit of the scene with almost painful intensity. The old life, the old manners, the old figures seemed present again. The great *coup de théâtre* of the young woman who shows you the Hall—it is rather languidly done on her part—is to point out a little dusky door opening from a turret to a back terrace as the aperture through which Dorothy Vernon eloped with Lord John Manners. I was ignorant of this episode, for I was not to enter the Hall till the morrow; and I am still unversed in the history of the actors. But as I stood in the luminous dusk weaving the romance of the spot, I divined Dorothy Vernon, and felt very much like a Lord John. It was, of course, on just such an evening that the delicious event came off, and, by listening with the proper credulity, I might surely hear on the flags of the castle-court the ghostly foot-fall of a daughter of the race. The only footfall I can conscientiously swear to, however, is the by no means ghostly tread of the damsel who led me through the mansion in the prosier light of the next morning. Haddon Hall, I believe, is one of the places in which it is the fashion to be "disappointed"; a fact explained in a great measure by the absence of a formal approach to the house, which shows its low, gray front to every trudge on the high-road. But the charm of the place is so much less that of grandeur than that of melancholy, that it is rather deepened than diminished by this attitude of obvious survival and decay. And for that matter, when you have entered the steep little outer court through the huge thickness of the low gateway, the present seems effectually walled out, and the past walled in—like a dead man in a sepulchre. It is very dead, of a fine June morning, the genius of Haddon Hall; and the silent courts and chambers, with their hues of ashen gray and faded brown, seem as time-bleached as the dry bones of any mouldering organism. The comparison is odd; but Haddon Hall reminded me perversely of some of the larger houses at Pompeii. The private life of the past is revealed in each case with very much the same distinctness and on a small enough scale not to stagger the imagination. This old dwelling, indeed, has so little of the mass and expanse of the classic feudal castle that it almost suggests one of those miniature models of great buildings which lurk in dusty corners of museums. But it is large enough to be deliciously complete and to contain an infinite store of the poetry of grass-grown courts looked into by long, low oriel casements, and climbed out of by crooked stone stairways, mounting against the walls to little high-placed doors. The "tone" of Haddon Hall, of all its walls and towers and stonework, is the gray of unpolished silver, and the reader who has been in England need hardly be reminded of the sweet accord—to eye and mind alike—existing between all stony surfaces covered with the real white rust of time and the deep living green of the strong ivy which seems to feed on their slow decay. Of this effect and of a hundred others—from those that belong to low-browed, stone-paved empty rooms, where countesses used to trail their cloth-of-gold over rushes, to those one may note where the dark tower stairway emerges at last, on a level with the highest beech-tops, against the cracked and sun-baked parapet, which flouted the castle standard over the castle walls—of every form of sad desuetude and picturesque decay Haddon Hall contains some delightful examples. Its finish point is undoubtedly a certain court from which a stately flight of steps ascends to the terrace where that daughter of the Vernons whom I have mentioned proved that it was useless to have baptized her so primly. These steps, with the terrace, its balustrade topped with great ivy-muffled knobs of stone, and its vast background of lordly beeches, form the ideal *mise en scène* for portions of Shakespeare's comedies. "It's Elizabethan," said my companion. Here the Countess Olivia may have listened to the fantastic Malvolio, or Beatrice, superbest of flirts, have come to summon Beudick to dinner.

The glories of Chatsworth, which lies but a few miles from Haddon, serve as a fine *repoussoir* to its more delicate merits, just as they are supposed to gain, I believe, in the tourist's eyes, by contrast with its charming, its almost Italian shabbiness. But the glories of Chatsworth, incontestable as they are, were so effectually eclipsed to my mind, a couple of days later, that in future, when I think of an English mansion, I shall think only of Warwick, and when I think of an English park, only of Blenheim. Your run by train through the gentle Warwickshire landscape does much to prepare you for the great spectacle of the castle, which seems hardly more than a sort of massive symbol and synthesis of the broad prosperity and peace and leisure diffused over this great pastoral expanse. The Warwickshire meadows are to common English scenery what this is to that of the rest of the world. For mile upon mile you can see nothing but broad sloping pastures of velvet turf, overbrowsed by sheep of the most fantastic shagging, and orna-

mented with hedges out of the trailing luxury of whose verdure, great ivy-tangled oaks and elms arise with a kind of architectural regularity. The landscape, indeed, sins by excess of nutritive suggestion; it savors of the larder; it is too ovine, too bovine, too succulent, and if you were to believe what you see before you, this rugged globe would be a sort of boneless ball, neatly covered with some such plush-like integument as might be figured by the down on the cheek of a peach. But a great thought keeps you company as you go and gives character to the scenery. Warwickshire was Shakespeare's country. Those who think that a great genius is something supremely ripe and healthy, and human, may find comfort in the fact. It helps materially to complete my own vague conception of Shakespeare's temperament, with which I find it no great shock to be obliged to associate ideas of mutton and beef. There is something as final, as disillusioned of the romantic horrors of rock and forest, as deeply attuned to human needs, in the Warwickshire pastures, as there is in the underlying morality of the poet.

With human needs in general, Warwick Castle may be in no great accord, but few places are more gratifying to the sentimental tourist. It is the only great residence that I ever coveted as a home. The fire that we heard so much of last winter in America appears to have consumed but an inconsiderable and easily-spared portion of the house, and the great towers rise over the great trees and the town with the same grand air as before. Picturesquely, Warwick gains from not being sequestered, after the common fashion, in acres of park. The village-street winds about the garden walls, though its hum expires before it has had time to scale them. There can be no better example of the way in which stone-walls, if they do not of necessity make a prison, may on occasions make a palace, than the tremendous privacy maintained thus about a mansion whose windows and towers form the main feature of a bustling town. At Warwick the past joins hands so stoutly with the present that you can hardly say where one begins and the other ends, and you rather miss the various cranies and gaps of what I just now called the Italian shabbiness of Haddon. There is a Cæsar's tower and a Guy's tower and half a dozen more, but they are so well-conditioned in their ponderous antiquity that you are at loss whether to consider them parts of an old house revived or of a new house picturesquely superannuated. Such as they are, however, plunging into the grassed and gravelled courts from which their battlements look really feudal, and into gardens large enough for all delight and too small, as they should be, to be amazing; and with ranges between them of great apartments at whose hugely recessed windows you may turn from Vandyke and Rembrandt, to glance down the cliff-like pile into the Avon, washing the base like a lordly moat, with its bridge, and its trees, and its memories—they mark the very model of a great hereditary dwelling—one which amply satisfies the imagination without irritating the conscience. The pictures at Warwick reminded me afresh of an old conclusion on this matter, that the best fortune for good pictures is not to be crowded into public collections—not even into the relative privacy of *Salons carrés* and Tribunes, but to hang in largely-spaced half-dozens on the walls of fine houses. Here the historical atmosphere, as one may call it, is almost a compensation for the often imperfect light. If this is true of most pictures, it is especially so of the works of Vandyke, whom you think of, wherever you may find him, as having, with that immense good-breeding which is the stamp of his manner, taken account in his painting of the local conditions, and predestined his picture to just the spot where it hangs. This is, in fact, an illusion as regards the Vandykes at Warwick, for none of them represent members of the house. The very finest, perhaps, after the great melancholy picturesque, Charles I.—death, or at least the presentiment of death on the pale horse—is a portrait from the Brignole palace at Genoa, a beautiful noble matron in black, with her little son and heir. The last Vandykes I had seen were the noble company this lady had left behind her in the Genoese palace, and as I looked at her, I thought of her mighty change of circumstance. Here she sits in the mild light of Midmost England; there you could almost fancy her blinking in the great glare sent up from the Mediterranean. Picturesque for picturesque, I should hardly know which to choose.

Correspondence.

OUR GOVERNMENT'S LIABILITY FOR THE INDIRECT CLAIMS. TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The United States Government has abandoned the Indirect Claims in the interest of peace, but not from conviction. Some of those claims, however, were advocated by the Government merely as representative of its citizens. Has it a right to abandon claims which it thinks well grounded, unless it assumes them as good against itself? I refer to the claims for extra insurance, and base their justice on the following grounds. We may assume

that a shipowner during the rebellion demanded protection for his ships from the following parties:

First, from the British Government, which, in neglecting to enforce its laws, disregarded his appeal. The merchant's first claim for indemnity is therefore upon the British Government, and this has been preferred by his natural representative, the Government at home, but abandoned in the interests of peace.

Secondly, he appealed to the United States Government for protection from the rebel cruisers let loose upon him through British negligence; but our naval force was employed on the blockade, and could not convoy sea-going ships.

Thirdly, the merchant sought security, and obtained it, by placing his ships under a foreign flag; but this has received the legislative condemnation in the refusal to re-register such ships.

Lastly, the shipowner could buy protection of the underwriters, but at a price which, combined with low freights consequent on the insecurity of American ships, annihilated the profits of shipowners. Now, by the decision at Geneva, the shipowner who shunned that loss and paid no war risk will recover the value of his destroyed ships, while he who in ten voyages (e.g., from New York to San Francisco) lost the value of a first-class ship in extra insurance has no claim to the British indemnity.

Such claims appear to me equally just with those for ships destroyed, and if arbitrarily classed as indirect, should not therefore be denied. Has not the Government, by abandoning these claims at Geneva and condemning the transfers to foreign flags, tacitly allowed their validity against itself? When the national legislature is consulting how to restore prosperity to our mercantile marine, ought it not especially to approve the example of those few shipowners who saved that interest from total extinction, in a far greater degree even than he who incurred the risk of insolvency by sending his ships to sea uninsured?

Your obedient servant,

R. S. PERKINS.

Boston, July 18, 1872.

THE CHANGE IN THE CORPORATION AT YALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Judging by claims from time to time advanced, and by the credit accorded them, there is some confusion of ideas on the part of some persons respecting the late change in the membership of the corporation of Yale College. The history of the change is as follows:

Between six and eight years ago, President Woolsey, in an article in the *New Englander* upon a then recent change in the Governing Board of Harvard, suggested that it might be well for Yale to substitute six members of the corporation to be chosen from among the Alumni for the six members from the State Senate. The suggestion called forth no immediate action; but five years ago, at the decennial meeting of the class of '57, a committee was appointed to do what they might think wise to bring the proposed change to the notice of the Alumni. The report of the meeting named has been printed, and any one who desires to see the precise form of the action in question can obtain a copy of said report by application to the Class Secretary, Prof. D. C. Eaton, of New Haven.

The committee, as such, inaugurated no public action, but a resolution prepared by one of its members was adopted at the meeting of the Alumni, at the commencement of 1839. The resolution appointed a committee (Pres. then Prof. Porter, W. M. Evans, C. J. Stillé of Philadelphia, Judge Taft of Cincinnati, and Prof. Fisk of Chicago) to consider the whole question of a change in the corporation, with the request that they would report at the next annual meeting of the Alumni. Two reports were then made, three of the committee opposing any change, and two favoring the one now accomplished. In the debate which followed the presentation of the reports, offence was given to many present by what was said in a speech contending for the change, and to all appearance the Alumni were not inclined to it. But its advocates, at least some of them, so believed that they were right that they proposed to continue their advocacy of it. While they were debating what to do, Governor Jewell, in his Message to the Legislature of 1871, so presented the subject that action on their part was made unnecessary, and the desired change was in a most happy way accomplished.

The above is believed to be an accurate statement of the change which promises to make the corporation of Yale more than it has hitherto been an organ of communication between the great body of the Alumni and their Alma Mater. If it were necessary, documentary evidence could be furnished of the correctness of the several parts of this statement.

E. L. H.

LENOX, MASS., July 13, 1872.

Notes.

HURD & HOUGHTON announce "A Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary, with their Later Poems," by Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames. The poems will be "a choice selection not included in any previous collection," and a steel portrait of each of the sisters is promised. The same house will publish "Boarding-School Days," by "Vieux Moustache," with illustrations by Nast and Darley.

—"Carl Benson" enquires: "Can any of your correspondents tell me when the singular ueologism 'different to' originated, and with what writer? I believe it is entirely English, and has not been adopted here even by our loosest writers. The earliest example I know is in Thackeray's 'Rebecca and Rowena,' date 1850." Apropos of Cruikshank's pamphlet to establish his claim to the authorship of "Oliver Twist" and the "Tower of London," he calls attention to the fact that "Mr. Ainsworth appropriated the 'Tower of London,' not only in its general idea but literally in a number of scenes and characters from a very clever but most disagreeable book, 'La Danse Macabre,' by Paul Lacroix ('Le Bibliophile Jacob')." "

—Professor Winlock, of the Harvard College Observatory, has recently begun the publication of a remarkable series of astronomical illustrations. The ten numbers already issued include admirable delineations of a number of celestial phenomena as they are seen in the great reflector of the observatory when looked for with well-trained eyes. First in importance come the three remarkable plates showing the various appearances of the solar prominences in their natural colors, a brilliant sight. Some of them have all the grace of well-contrived fireworks, though the scale tells us that they have a height of from fifty to one hundred miles. A plate showing six successive views of one spot on the sun is equally interesting; every important variation of those strange rents of the photosphere is well shown here. The gray, sloping funnel with deeply channelled sides, the black bottom, the tortuous white bridges spanning the chasm, the feathery streams of gas cloud whirling up from the abyss, are all marvellously well shown. There is a plate of Jupiter which gives in print for the first time something fitted to convey an adequate idea of that noble form. The drawing of the cloud bands and the tint of the equatorial copper-colored zone are wonderfully well done. There are three figures of lunar craters, or rather groups of craters. One has but to compare these exquisite drawings with work which has been done before on the same objects, to see how great the advance has been. The artist has caught not only the difficult detail of the surface, but also the peculiar features of expression dependent upon the airless condition of the moon. All the drawings are by L. Trouvelot, who has brought the rare combination of an artist's skill and an astronomer's eye to the work. Now that celestial physics has come to be a part of our elementary astronomy, such drawings have a high value as teaching agents, and deserve a place in every school in the land. As graphic representations of celestial phenomena they are as much in advance of similar work as were the great photographs of the moon by Rutherford at the time of their publication, and they will, along with those admirable representations, do much to enhance the reputation of our astronomers.

—With the help of announcements of forthcoming works, it is again possible to make a tolerable list of English publications of interest. The following have either already appeared or are in such a forward state of preparation that they may be safely ordered. Beginning with the class which combines entertainment and instruction in popular proportions, we note: "Knocking about in New Zealand," by Charles L. Money; "New Homes for the Old Country," personal experience in New Zealand and Australia, by Geo. S. Baden-Powell; "My Wife and I in Queensland," by Charles H. Eden; "The Discovery, Survey, and Settlement of Port Philip," by G. W. Rusden; "Ten Years North of the Orange River," by John Mackenzie; "Twelve Months at the South African Diamond-Fields"; "Life in India," by Edward Braddon; "Under the Sun," by Geo. Augustus Sala; "Travels in Hindo-China and in China," by Louis de Carne; "Wanderings in Scripture Lands," by Thomas Robinson; "Up in the North—London to Lapland," by Thomas Shairp; "Tent-Life with English Gypsies in Norway," by Hubert Smith; "Life in Normandy," by J. F. Campbell; "Other Countries," by Maj. Wm. Morrison Bell. In history must be mentioned: "The History of Modern Servia," by E. L. Mijatovich; "The History of Canada under the French Régime, 1535-1763," by H. H. Miles; "The Retention of India," by Alexander Halliday; "The Unity of History," by Edward A. Freeman; M. Quatrefages' absurd literary "revenge," "The Prussian Race"; and a translation of William Blumé's "Campaign of 1870-71." In connection with the last should be named Boguslawski's "Tactical Deductions from the War of 1870-71"; "The System of Field Manœuvres best adapted to

enable our Army to meet a Continental Army in the Field"—a practical appendix to the *Dame Europa* literature, by Lieut. T. Maurice; and "The Arms and Ammunition of the British Service," by Capt. V. D. Majendie.

—The great department of biography is illustrated by Sir Francis Head's too laudatory and indiscriminating "Sketch of the Life of Sir John Burgoyne," which one will do well to pass by while waiting for the fuller "Life, Letters, and Diaries" of the Field-Marshal, edited by Col. Wrottesley; "Memoir of the Early Life of Sir W. H. Maule," by his niece; "Memoir of Thomas Brassey," by Arthur Helps; "Life of Rousseau," by John Morley; "Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with Nassau William Senior"; "Last Days of Père Gratry"; "Women of the Last Days of Old France"; "Goethe and Mendelssohn," from the German of Dr. Karl Mendelssohn; and "Struggles and Experiences of a Neutral Volunteer," by John Furley. Add to the foregoing "The Miscellaneous Writings of Prof. John Conington"; and "Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales," by Thomas Nicholas. The theological list embraces Döllinger's "Lectures on the Reunion of the Christian Churches"; "The Damnable Clauses of the Athanasian Creed Rationally Explained," by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl; Father Gagarin's "Russian Clergy"; and "Welsh Calvinistic Methodism," an historical sketch by Rev. Wm. Williams. Scientific readers are provided for in Prof. Tyndall's "Contributions to Molecular Physics"; G. J. Symons's "Distribution of Rain over the British Isles during 1871"; John Evans's "Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain"; "A Manual of Palaeontology"; "The Smaller Birds of Great Britain," by H. G. Adams; and Dr. Wm. Harvey's "Corpulence in Relation to Disease," in which the over-stout may probably find something to their advantage. A number of titles we will group without classification: "Essays on Eastern Questions," by W. Gifford Palgrave; "Vignettes, Alpine and Eastern," by Elijah Walton and T. G. Bonney; "Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore," by Charles Hardwick; "The Duty of the Schoolmaster in relation to the Formation of Character," by Thomas Wyles; Sydney Colvin's "Children, in Italian and English Design"; and "Examples of Modern Etching"—twelve proofs.

—Aubrey De Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick"; and Tegner's "Tale of Frithiof," translated by Captain Spalding, are the only two books of poetry needing mention after Browning's "Fifine." In regard to the last, the diversity of criticism is well shown in the following extracts from two London trade-organs. The *Bookseller's* notice (July 3) we quote entire:

"A new poem by Robert Browning, in his best manner—a manner, that is to say, which will be understood and admired by all readers; and which is not transcendental."

The *Publisher's Circular* (July 1) takes a somewhat different view:

"We may safely say that not ten readers in a hundred could understand 'Fifine,' written as it is in an ungainly measure, and being a half-thought out wonderment as to why the ragged, disreputable life of an actress has special charms for some persons. . . . Nearly two hundred pages of such lines will be enough even for the 'deepest' critic."

—A writer in the *Bangor (Me.) Commercial* compares the popular authors of the Mercantile Library of that city with those mentioned in our recent articles on the Public Library of X. The following is the result, so far as concerns the novelists who are common to both lists:

<i>Bangor.</i>	X.
1 Mrs. Holmes.	11 Mrs. Holmes.
3 Charles Reade.	4 Charles Reade.
4 Wilkie Collins.	10 Wilkie Collins.
6 Dickens.	5 Dickens.
8 Hawthorne.	19 Hawthorne.
9 Mrs. Whitney.	2 Mrs. Whitney.
11 A. S. Roe.	8 A. S. Roe.
15 Mrs. Muloch-Craik.	19 Mrs. Muloch-Craik.
22 Lever.	17 Lever.
23 Bulwer-Lytton.	20 Bulwer-Lytton.
25 Scott.	25 Scott.

Mrs. Southworth is second on the Bangor list, but her works have not been admitted to the library at X; and as there are other discrepancies of this sort, it is clear that the comparison is not to be relied on for determining the relative culture of the two towns. Nevertheless, it is worth while to remark, as approximately indicative of the general estimation in which they are held, the nearly identical rank of Reade, Dickens, Lever, Bulwer, and Scott, with an identical order of succession in both the lists. And it is curious to observe the position of Hawthorne and Scott as derived from the demand for all their writings, and to learn that in the Bangor library "the four most popular books are 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'The Wandering Jew.'" If this library has a paying membership, it should have, on the whole, a better class of readers than that of X, but we doubt if its books have been more judiciously selected.

—The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for June contains the concluding article of the series, "Les Musées, les Arts et les Artistes pendant la Commune," by M. Alfred Darcel. The most interesting portion of the article is that which relates to the destruction of the town-house of M. Thiers, by order of the Commune. The order was published in the *Journal Officiel* of the Commune of the 11th of May, 1871, the "21 Floréal, an 79" of these absurd masquers in the cast-off rags of a former generation. The motive for this act of ferocity towards Thiers was his attempt to notify the Parisians of the intentions of the Versailles Government with regard to them and their city—intentions whose benevolence the members of the Commune could not hope would be extended to themselves. Doubtless, they would have been glad to prevent the display of Thiers's posters on the walls of Paris; but, not having been able to prevent it, they determined to punish their author, and they made their intention known in a proclamation. This set forth in the stately form beloved of Frenchmen, whether Royalist, Imperialist, or Communist, that, "Whereas: the fellow Thiers, calling himself Chief of the French Republic, declares in his posters that his army will not bombard Paris, while every day women and children are the victims of the fratricidal guns of Versailles; and, whereas: this poster is an appeal to treason to help him to enter the city, seeing that he has learned the impossibility of vanquishing the heroic population of Paris by his guns; Therefore: the movable property of Thiers shall be seized by the Administration of Estates, and his house situated in the Place Georges shall be razed." When the proclamation had been duly issued, an invitation was given to the members of the Commune to be present at the demolition of the house, which spectacle was announced for four o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th May. This invitation having been read at the regular sitting of the Commune, there arose a discussion as to the disposition to be made of M. Thiers's collection of antiquities, reckoned by connoisseurs one of the most valuable in Europe. Citizen Courbet remarked: "This Thiers has a collection of antique bronzes; what am I to do with them?" The Citizen President: "Let Citizen Courbet give us his own opinion on the subject." Courbet: "The objects in this collection are worthy of a museum. Is it your pleasure that I should place them in the Louvre, or the Hôtel de Ville, or that I should have them sold at auction?" The Citizen Protot: "I have ordered the Commissary of Police of the ward to have the objects of art placed in the *garde-meuble*, and the papers to be sent to the *sûreté générale*. I have caused the destruction of the house to be begun at once. The papers are in our hands. As for the little bronzes you speak of, I hope they will reach us in good condition." Courbet: "I wish to inform you that those same little bronzes represent a value of 1,500,000 francs." Citizen Demay (this man was a bronze finisher): "As to the collection of objects of art belonging to Thiers, the executive commission to which Citizen Félix Pyat belongs had designated two specialists to have charge of them. These were the Citizen Courbet and myself. I request you to complete your committee. Do not forget that these little bronzes belong to the history of humanity, and we wish to preserve all that the intelligence of the past has created, in order to instruct the future. We are not barbarians." Citizen Protot: "I also am a lover of art; but I am of opinion that any of the pieces which represent any of the Orleans family ought to be sent to the mint. As to the other objects of art, it is plain that they ought not to be destroyed." Citizen Clémence: "The Thiers collection contains precious books, for whose preservation I demand a commission, and that I may be a member of it." Citizen Paschal Grousset: "There are also in Thiers's house documents that ought to be in the archives, pieces of the greatest curiosity; it would be well to have in the commission that we are about to appoint, historians, men of letters." Grousset was interrupted with cries of "Close the debate!" and the President appointed a commission composed of Courbet, Demay, Grousset, Clémence, and Pyat.

—M. Thiers had not left his most valuable possessions to be pocketed by the commissioners. Fortunately for the arts and for himself, at the very beginning of the French disasters he had packed up his beautiful collection of Florentine bronzes of the sixteenth century, together with everything else he owned of great rarity, and had sent them—according to some to England, according to others who seem better informed, to the cellars of the Institute. As for the rest of his movable property, the Commune ordered all the household linen to be sent to the hospitals and ambulances; the objects of art and books of value to be placed in the museums and libraries, and the furniture to be sold at auction after being duly exposed. A great number of articles—books, engravings, porcelains, etc., were placed in the *garde-meuble*, but the Versailles guns having reached this building, it was thought better to transport its contents to the Tuileries, to a gallery adjoining the Pavilion of Flora, and they finally perished in the flames that destroyed that building.

—Seventy letters addressed by Mazzini to one of his agents in Italy between March, 1863, and September, 1863, have just been published in Milan

by the recipient, who conceals his name ("Corrispondenza inedita di Giuseppe Mazzini con . . ."). Although designed to be a tribute of affection and loyalty to the great precursor of Italian unity, this publication will only confirm that view of his character which his later action inspired. His patriotism, self-abnegation, disinterestedness, are still visible in this correspondence; but also his inability to perceive when his work was finished, his hostility to the logical and natural results of his own endeavors, and his ill-considered scheming ending always in smoke. His ignorance of the real state of things in his native land, which would be pardonable in an exile who did not seek to intermeddle with home politics, but which with Mazzini was as much a part of his temperament as it was a consequence of banishment, and which was a principal cause of the ruin of his enterprises—this ignorance his correspondent even is obliged to point out and correct in foot-notes here and there throughout the volume. Two vain hopes and useless strivings are revealed as the occupation of Mazzini at this (for Italy) momentous epoch. In 1864 he conceived the idea of liberating Venice by means of a popular rising in the province, simultaneous with disturbances in Galicia, Hungary, and Transylvania, and assured of success by the intervention of the national army at the right moment. The Italian Government did not disdain to consider the project, which Mazzini expressly disassociated from his republican ideas because he knew that the people he sought to deliver was anti-republican; but the Prussian alliance proved to possess greater charms and much more certain guarantees. The temporary estrangement of Piedmont which followed upon the troubles in Turin, and which found a constitutional vent in the faction of the *Permanente*, was eagerly seized upon by Mazzini as a means of winning over to himself the whole of the noble province on which Italian unity rests and must for years depend. But again he was the victim of an illusion which was not long in manifesting itself. The editor of these letters, therefore, will not produce exactly the effect he contemplated on the convictions of the reader, while the suppression of names and dates, out of regard to the susceptibilities of the living, makes the correspondence much less attractive than it would otherwise be.

—Ninety years ago, July 1, John Henry Voss, the German poet and philologist, removed from Otterndorf to Eutin to better his fortune, with the reputation acquired for him, in addition to previous literary ventures, by his translation of the "Odyssey," which, as has been said, he first naturalized in his native land. The period of his career—the "Lehr- und Wander-jahre"—which terminated with this event, has been unfolded in the first volume of his Life by Dr. William Herbst, of Magdeburg (Leipzig: Teubner), author of a Life of Matthias Claudius, a kinsman of Voss, and otherwise familiar with the sources of the latter's biography. Voss's grandfather, John, the earliest ascertainable ancestor, was a cartwright living near Teterow; his father, John Henry, began life as a waiting-man, and afterwards became a farmer, with the privilege of brewing beer and distilling brandy. He lost his wife and four daughters, and was still unmarried when his son the poet was born at Sommersdorf, February 20, 1751, of an intimate friend of his late wife, and baptized the next day: according to the parish register, "Den 21. Februar hat Catharine Dorothea Karstens einen *spurius* taufen lassen Namens Johann Heinrich." Wedlock followed, however, in the summer of that year, and the family removed to the little town of Penzlin, where Voss was first put to school, and distinguished himself alike at his studies and in boyish sports, pursued Latin with eagerness, and learned Greek in his spare time, carrying his grammar with him even when birdnesting. Through various removals and vicissitudes, he at last reached Göttingen, where he was matriculated student of theology in the spring of 1772, but a year later abandoned that study for languages and poetry, having Heyne for his principal instructor, with whom, however, he agreed not well, and was in turn an object of dislike, if not of jealousy. A few years later, at Otterndorf, he engaged in a bitter controversy with Heyne on the subject of the pronunciation of Greek. Meantime, as Dr. Herbst relates in detail, Voss earned a precarious livelihood with his pen, and, after numerous disappointments in seeking to obtain a situation as schoolmaster, was employed to edit the *Musen-almanach*, which made it safe for him at last to marry a pastor's daughter.

MAZZINI.*

THIS volume, consisting of passages from the writings of Mazzini in relation to his own part in the national movement of Italy for the last forty years, might properly be entitled "Mazzini illustrated by himself." It is a valuable contribution to contemporary history, revealing the aspirations and recounting the deeds of the great Agitator, and giving an authentic record of the first period of the Italian revolution, of which he was the recognized leader. Written with all the enthusiasm of the patriot and the earnestness

of the reformer, this record is a defence of the policy which, from the beginning to the end of his career, he urged on his countrymen as the only one the adoption of which could give to their country her place among the nations: Italy, a republic one and independent, whose mission should be to impart new life to Europe—such was the ideal for which Mazzini lived and died. Through good and evil report, through defeat and disaster of all kinds, as a writer and a leader, he remained faithful to his principles, even when his country had achieved independence and unity by another course than that which he had marked out.

The first period of the contemporary history of Italy embraces the years from 1815 to 1848, when the country, broken up into petty states, suffered under domestic oppression and foreign domination. It was in that period that the agitation of Mazzini was both necessary and effectual. In the absence of a national hegemony, when all the Italian governments conspired with foreign powers to keep the people divided and oppressed, the individual action of patriots was alone possible, and they everywhere labored to overthrow the existing order of things, and to supplant it by new institutions more in accordance with the spirit of the time. Mazzini was early recognized as the head of this movement, and he united in himself in an eminent degree all the qualities necessary for such a mission. Endowed with rare intellect, indomitable will and self-control, with power to impart his own enthusiasm to all who approached him, he soon rallied around him the best and most daring patriots of the peninsula, and from his exile threw down the gauntlet to the oppressors of his country. For more than twenty years he was engaged in exciting popular insurrections everywhere in Italy, thus keeping alive the hopes of the people, and striking terror to the hearts of the enemies of liberty. In this long struggle he may have committed serious mistakes; he may have sacrificed lives in attempts which had no elements of success, and which brought needless suffering on his followers. But many of his schemes, though apparently futile and reckless, served their intended purpose at least indirectly; they were protests against the existing condition of things; they kept alive the spirit of resistance in the people, and made it manifest to Europe that as long as she was denied her rights, Italy would remain a centre of agitation and a perpetual menace to the public peace. The volume under examination contains the history of Mazzini's labors in that period of the Italian revolution.

In 1848 the national movement took a more practical direction under the leadership of Balbo, Azeglio, Gioberti, and Cavour. It was then that Piedmont, in defiance of Austria, placed herself at the head of the revolution, and by skilful diplomacy, alliances, war, and, above all, by the upholding of constitutional government, succeeded in expelling the foreign invader, in attracting the other states into her orbit, and finally in reconstructing the country on the basis of national unity. The action of Mazzini during that most important period revealed much obstinacy of character, and very little of that practical talent which constitutes genuine statesmanship. Fixed in the idea of a republic, he opposed the national party which had rallied around the House of Savoy, and denounced its leaders as mere utilitarians. His most influential followers—Manin, Garibaldi, Montanelli, Farini, Puerio, and a host of eminent patriots—soon abandoned him, and joined the new party; but he became more irreconcilable and more obstinate in his views. Indeed, all the hostility he had heretofore shown to the enemies of his country, he now turned against the party under whose auspices the national cause was about to triumph. He opposed all the steps which have led Italy to her present position; and because this was not accomplished through his own method, he mourned over the great achievements as if they were public calamities. In 1848 he had intrigued against the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, and had thus greatly contributed to the disasters which then befell the country. Later, in 1854, he denounced the alliance with France and England in the Crimean War, the first great master-stroke of Cavour; in 1859 he declaimed against the alliance with France which emancipated Lombardy from the Austrian yoke, and established the principle of non-intervention in the affairs of the peninsula; in 1866 he opposed the alliance with Prussia, which gave Venice to Italy, and rendered the occupation of Rome possible, as before he had opposed the annexation of Southern Italy, when it was delivered by Garibaldi, chiefly through the aid of the national party under the leadership of Cavour.

"A republic or nothing" seems to have been Mazzini's motto, and only through that form of government would he accept the independence and unity of his country. Thus his action, which in the first stage of the revolution had been a powerful aid to the national cause, became now a positive obstacle to the fulfilment of the aspirations of the people. Nor would the republic of his dreams, could it have been established, have been a great boon for Italy; for he everywhere declares that that form of government should not be founded, as in the United States, on the development of individuality, which, according to him, is another name for self-interest. His republic, he

* "Joseph Mazzini: His Life and Political Principles. With an Introduction by William Lloyd Garrison." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

asserts, is to be established on a spiritual authority, nay, on a new religion, which will be the source of the moral unity of the nation, and indeed of mankind. Thus Rome, which at two different periods has been the mistress of the world, will become again the centre of a new civilization founded not on material interests but on the principle of justice. Rejecting with scorn Cavour's formula, "A free Church in a free State," Mazzini would establish a national organization, which would be at once Church and State, and while rebelling with all his soul against the authority of the existing hierarchy, he would bring about the very condition of things for which that institution has for centuries labored in vain.

An idealist and a dreamer, Mazzini held in horror all compromises in public affairs, despised analysis in political science, and sought a remedy in empty formulas and shallow generalizations for the evils that beset mankind. He was doomed to live and die disappointed. A current of profound sadness runs through all his writings, and excites deep sympathy for the fate of one so gifted and so ill-fitted for the requirements of practical life. He lived to see the unity of Italy achieved, though not according to his plan; and it cannot be denied that his efforts in the first stage of the Italian revolution contributed not a little to the accomplishment of that end. If we fail to recognize in him the statesman, we cannot but admire the breadth of his sympathies, the purity of his patriotism, and the loftiness of his character. In this respect we echo the sentiments expressed by Mr. Garrison in his eulogistic introduction, and with him we acknowledge that "Mazzini was a man of single mind, indomitable resolve, lofty aspiration, and irreproachable life; that he neither sought wealth, nor fame, nor position, nor dignity, nor even power, as an individual man; that whatever he had of his own was consecrated to the cause he espoused, whatever he received from others was devoted to the same cause; that whatever he counselled was the suggestion of a noble, though peculiar mind, and whatever he did was the dictate of a perfectly unselfish will."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

AN audacious but apparently necessary proposal is made by a review writer in the July *North American*, who is in trouble of mind about the enormous mass of matter which "the future historian" of Massachusetts will have to perform if he is to read and digest all the material annually provided for him. The Commissioners of Internal Fisheries, says the writer, lead off, first of all, with a volume of 343 pages; next come the Railroad Commissioners, with 200 pages; next the Bureau of Labor Statistics, with 593; next the Board of State Charities, with 560; next the Board of Education, with 300; next the Board of Health, with 328. Here are all but 3,000 pages of printed matter relating to this year alone, which, whether or not the legislator reads through, our future historian must examine if he is the creature we have a right to expect. Now, as last year was not more important than this year, nor this more important than others, how is the historian to get through with his preliminary preparation before old age overtakes him and gives him to the tomb? The *North American* suggests that man is as susceptible of improvement by breeding as are oxen, horses, or other beasts of the field, and that by a proper attention to genealogies we might, in a few generations, produce certain men and women from eight to ten feet high, and with advantages as regards longevity and peculiar turn of intellect as pronounced as their advantages of stature. He would have the State, then, look for outstanding daughters left by Miss Hannah More, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Markham, and other literary ladies, who should be married to the sons or other descendants of Lord Macanlay, Mr. Grote, the copious Guthrie, the judicious O'Geoghegan, the learned and elegant Robertson, the ingenious, penetrating, and comprehensive Hume. The offspring of such unions, if ten feet high and capable of spending eighty of their hundred and twenty years in perusing Reports, might, he thinks, go with some hope to the task of turning out the history of the future; but if no such vigorous course is taken, there is, in his opinion, small hope that it will ever be written. We, for our part, imagine that the difficulty may disappear, not with the apparition of our author's anakin, but with the disappearance of the epical history, and its "dignity," its rounded proportions, its omniscience. However that may be, it is certain that if General Butler's attack on the Massachusetts Commissioners frightens them into being less voluminous, that distinguished officer will have done one good action in the course of his public career. A willingness to orate and to ventilate hobbies, is a frequent curse of the Commissioner and the Permanent Secretary, wherever found; and the long-windedness of authors for whom the State foots the printer's bill, and for whom a paying audience is not a primary necessity, as it is for other authors, is one more indubitable proof of the depravity inherent in the breast of man, and of the need there is of all possible checks and safeguards upon individual activity. Our *North American* critic makes some very profitable comments upon these and related

points, and what he says on his other various topics is well worth hearing. His remarks upon the Massachusetts workman as a capitalist we commend to the attention of the true workmen of that State, as distinguished from the political workmen imported so numerous from Europe into New England within the last twenty years, and now under the political guidance of leaders either ill-meaning or foolish. There is a chapter or two in Professor Bowen's treatise on "Political Economy" which would teach these men more in half an hour than speeches from Cummings, Chamberlain, and Phillips in half a century; and this writer in the *North American* is in substantial accord with Professor Bowen as to the relation of the Massachusetts mechanic to the savings-bank. It may very well be the case, for instance, as this writer and Professor Bowen make plain, that the machinist in Worcester or Springfield is thus far a co-operative laborer with the very man who hires him—that the money which his employer is using in the factory consists in part of the machinist's savings borrowed from the bank where he deposited them, and on which he is receiving interest, while at the same time handling it from week to week as wages. This is plainly a form of co-operation, and should be recollected when the assertion is made that, in New England, co-operation, which is a success as regards distribution, is a failure as regards production. It is co-operation with less gain perhaps, with less risk certainly; co-operation with a share in the profits only and no share in the losses should there be any.

Another critical notice of merit is that upon Mr. Professor Chadbourne's recent book about the office of instinct and its relation to the reasoning power of man, and in this case—as we have mentioned Professor Bowen's works—the two professors are at one rather than the critic and the professors, for Professor Chadbourne's work is not tenderly handled. Of one part of it the reviewer observes that "this would make a Patagonian smile." Why, is not stated. Why not a Visigoth? We should suppose—taking the thing seriously—that barbarous man, much beholden to the mental power of his four-footed companions, and a much keener observer of them than professional metaphysicians are apt to be, might very readily hold other views than theirs as to the relations between instinct and reason.

Of the long articles in the magazine, there are two which are admirable examples of the right way and the wrong way respectively of conducting a controversy upon a speculative question. Mr. Chauncey Wright, in his article, is all coolness; Mr. J. H. Stirling, in his, is in a fume of anger and contempt; Mr. Wright is clear and forcible in statement, Mr. Stirling's style is much the same as his temper; the one writes as if a difficult subject were to be made plain to the average understanding, the other as if the obscurities and intricacies of a confused subject were best explicated by a confused and obscure treatment of it. Each appears to have a case against his antagonist, and we suppose each with equal justice entertains equal respect for the opinion opposed to his own; but Mr. Stirling succeeds in making himself almost ridiculous and his essay repellent, while Mr. Wright's entire good temper under provocation, his postponement of his feelings in the interest of his subject and the cause of fair discussion, are very attractive indeed. Occasionally he seems to find a good man's satisfaction and comfort in some particularly sharp rap over Mr. Mirart's exposed knuckles; he is not all the time so severely impersonal as he thinks it desirable that all Darwinists and all Anti-Darwinists should always be, and as he regrets deeply that Mr. Mirart is not; but considering what a world this of ours is, and considering how man is apt to conduct himself when the question of who made it, and how and when, is under discussion, the essay is a wonder of courtesy and calmness. Mr. Darwin's own excellent example has seldom been better followed among his disciples and co-workers than in this essay by one of the ablest of them. Every age has the right, we suppose, to felicitate itself on its greatness and intelligence, and we submit that our ancestors would have been wiser than they were if they had said and believed and acted upon this following view of the proper method of discussing theological problems in physics. Great would have been the reduction in the number of atheists burnt and unburnt, which alone would have been a gain:

"Advocacy, and especially the sort that is of essential value in courts of law, where two advocates are set against each other, each with the duty of presenting only what can be said for his own side, and where the same judge and jury are bound to hear both, is singularly out of place in a scientific discussion, unless in oral debate before the tribunal of a scientific society. Moreover, there are no burdens of proof in science. Such advocacy in a published work claiming scientific consideration is almost an offence against the proprieties of such discussions. To collect together in one place all that can be said for an hypothesis, and in another all that can be said against it, is at best a clumsy and inconvenient method of discussion, the natural results of which may best be seen in the present condition of theological and religious doctrines. These practical considerations are of the utmost importance for the attainment of the end of scientific pursuit; which is not to arrive at decisions and judgments that are probably true only on the whole and in the long run, but is the discovery of the real truths of nature, for which science can afford to wait, and for which suspended judgments are the soundest substitutes."

Doubtless we shall not put to death any more of our Socrateses, nor stone any more prophets, nor incarcerate Galileo again; but it is true, too, that Mr. Mivart seems not to share Mr. Wright's opinion in this matter of scientific investigation, and that easy as the lesson looks there are ten Mr. Mivarts for one Mr. Wright. To evade the main question and seek worthless triumphs on points of no importance, to sneer, to misstate your adversaries' position, to juggle with a word, to bolt conclusions that contradict your wilfully chosen premises—this is still the way to discuss religion or politics in the most enlightened nations of the earth—the simian way, it may be called, and a way simian enough to go some length in proving the Darwinist side of the controversy between Mr. Wright and Mr. Mivart to be the correct one. One need not go to Italy and the Vatican for daily exemplifications of it.

Mr. Stirling is a metaphysician better known to English than American audiences, but of generally recognized ability in a school which cannot be said to be on the road just at present to increased favor. He is naturally, and, as we think, very properly, displeased with the late Mr. Buckle for that writer's *de haut en bas* fashion of speaking about metaphysical thinkers whose works he had perhaps read but certainly had not mastered, and for whom, even if he had mastered all their philosophy instead of carrying off but a smattering of it, good taste and proper modesty would alone have demanded more civility than Mr. Buckle showed. Mr. Stirling makes pretty thorough work with him, and convicts him of haste, insufficient information, and failures in reasoning, but after a fashion which we should say is better adapted to a Scotch audience than to any other, the essay being contentious, acrid, abusive, contemptuous, and other agreeable things which we are accustomed to think characteristic of the true Scots polemic. At the end we feel a sort of want of the derisive whoop and the splash of dirty water from the top story. It begins by remarking, in substance, that it is a hard job to know what it was that Mr. Buckle wanted to say, and what his problem was. His book is an enormous mass of chaffy declamation, out of which we may here and there pick a grain of meaning and so find out little by little what the man would be at. Painfully articulating the scraps which we thus gather, we find that Buckle was born with a dream in him of literary glory: "something," as his introduction says, "it seemed desirable should be done, and on a scale far larger than has hitherto been attempted." There you have him. "Something" is to be done by Mr. Buckle, on a big scale; in short, vagueness, bombast, overweening conceit, and ambition make a great part of the man and his works. What should the "something" be? Mr. Stirling tells us; but he would probably dislike to make affidavit to his account of the workings of Buckle's mind while it was deciding this question. The end of the matter was thus:—

"Why, the spot the highest in the universe was still left vacant, virgin for the gigantic tread of Buckle! Here, both theoretically and practically,—here were consummation. *Finis*, at last! Bacon brought in nature, and Smith the manipulation of nature; but Buckle—Buckle it would be said—brought in mind, Buckle brought in the manipulation of mind, Buckle brought in and united all! The Wealth of Nations was much, but what were a Wisdom of Nations?"

We cannot follow Mr. Stirling through his acute and trenchant article, which readers with a taste for metaphysics will enjoy at the same time that they are amused by its aggressive spirit and hearty combativeness. What the general reader is likely to get in the way of amusement, this extract may show. It fairly illustrates the metaphysician's way of darkening counsel by clouding a simple matter with inexpressive words, upon which, by the bye, he in time comes to value himself:

"To repeat, Kant then says: 'How the intellectual I (that only knows intellectually or logically the bare fact that it is),—how this I is distinguished from, yet identical with, the perceptive I (perceptive as under inner affection and so knowing *how* it is), moreover, how then (as regards the latter question, my *perceivability*, my sensuous state, my *how* I am) I can know myself, not as I am to the understanding (to which I am only the I of the "I think"), but just like all other phenomena, simply as I appear to (inner) sense,—all this has no more and no less difficulty than how I can be to myself an object at all, an object that is of perception, of internal perception,' etc., etc."

The essay entitled "The Shadow of Dante" has for the occasion of its appearance Miss M. F. Rossetti's recent book, but the author speaks of it as one of the results of twenty years' careful study of the poet. It is evidently Mr. Lowell's, and contains some of his best work, though we dare say it will be found not so attractive as his best work usually is. From the same hand we have before had an essay on Dante, to which this may be taken as supplementary. The article in Appleton's Cyclopædia—one of the good articles in that uneven work—is, we believe, by Mr. Lowell, and it is full and satisfactory, though necessarily compressed, and totally without that discursiveness to which, if sometimes it is not pleasing in Mr. Lowell's essays, we owe so much delightful reading, as to the biography of the poet and the general scope of his poetry. Here, however, we have a sufficiency of treasure and pleasure for the lover of Dante. Long love of him and study

of him cause the admiration of Dante's best students and lovers to be or to seem to others almost an idolatry; and Mr. Lowell's praises are very warm and high, and his admiration so great, that he leaves us doubtful whether he so much reverences any other poet. What to many is, for one and another reason, a fatal flaw in the work—the poet's peculiar religious and moral universe, the rigid completeness of his scheme, and his perfect satisfaction with it and confidence in it—all this is to Mr. Lowell acceptable, and, apparently, it is satisfying to the needs of his spiritual nature. To our mind it is here where perhaps lies the danger which threatens Dante's claim to so high a place as Mr. Lowell would award. Very great he doubtless must always be—so great that few will know his greatness aright. But the world, which is never to outgrow Priam at the feet of Achilles or Job among his counsellors, is it never to outgrow so much of this mediævalism and tenseness and definiteness as that the great Italian's place will be set lower than now? Mr. Lowell would say no to such a question. He thus ends his essay, premising that if Shakespeare's is the most comprehensive intellect amongst poets, Dante's is the purest spiritual nature:

"In the company of the epic poets there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the perilous feat, for he must combine poetry with doctrine in such cunning wise that the one lose not its beauty nor the other its severity, and Dante has done it. As he takes possession of it we seem to hear the cry he himself heard when Virgil rejoined the company of great singers,

'All honor to the loftiest of poets!'"

Perhaps as good as any other one thing in the essay is the explanation of the relation in which Beatrice stood to Dante at different periods of his life. It is one which a greater number of people than might seem credible have contrived to miss.

The remaining contents of this July number are articles by Mr. Howells, Mr. Karl Hillebrand, and Mr. Frederic Sheldon. Herder is Mr. Hillebrand's subject; Giusti, the Italian satirist, Mr. Howells's; and Crabbe, the English poet, Mr. Sheldon's. Mr. Sheldon's article is rather curious as criticism, but will for a moment recall the verses of a forgotten worthy who went decently and composedly into oblivion at his earliest opportunity, and who beyond a doubt will contentedly stay there. Mr. Sheldon's old-fashioned taste leads him into some hearty oburgation against the more whining of modern poets, whom he charges with intellectual and moral feebleness. As for him, he believes that there is something wrong in a poet who can see a locomotive rush past him at the rate of forty miles an hour without "experiencing a sensation not altogether prosaic"; and we imagine he has more sense and poetry on his side than several thousands of the mystics and "artistic" unhappy poets whom he holds in such contempt. Still, a sound digestion and a fondness for Crabbe are not the whole of the matter either. Mr. Sheldon should consider. There are such things as "sighing and grief," as Sir John tells us, though they need not "blow us all up like a bladder," as they did that stricken old gentleman, if we are to take his own word for it.

Historical and Biographical Memoirs, Essays, Addresses, etc. Written at various times during the last fifty years, and now just published in the collected form. By George B. Wood, M.D., LL.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 576.)—Of the three classes of papers composing this volume, the first seems alone to contain matter of general and permanent interest. We refer especially to the chapters on the History of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Less than two centuries ago, the only school known in Philadelphia was one kept by Enoch Flower (1683), who taught "reading, writing, and casting accounts for eight shillings and a quarter." Then came a public school, founded by the Quakers in 1749, and chartered by William Penn in 1711. The plan of an academy was drawn up in 1743 by the tireless Benjamin Franklin. Interrupted then by the French war, it was not made public until 1749, when he issued a pamphlet, entitled "Proposals relative to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania." It was well received; but there was not money enough collected to build a school-house. Just at this time, the famous preacher Whitefield, excluded from the churches of Philadelphia, was addressing immense crowds in the open fields, and a proposition was made to erect an edifice which might serve the double purpose of a school and place of worship for Whitefield. This plan was carried out, and a portion of the academy so built still stands in South Street, near Mulberry. The institution gradually grew into "college, academy, and charity school," and on a list of its pupils in 1757 is found the name of Lindley Murray. Of all this came the university in 1759.

The Pennsylvania Hospital made a feeble beginning in 1750, and feeble it remained until the omnipresent Benjamin Franklin took it in hand. He

obtained from the legislature an act of incorporation and a grant of £2,000, to be paid when an equal amount should be subscribed by individuals. The inside history of this act and grant is curious. Franklin, referring to it in his memoirs, says that he remembers none of his political manœuvres which at the time gave him more pleasure, or in which, after thinking of it, he more easily excused himself for a little indirectness. In the legislature, the country members stood out against the grant. The city, said they, was to be benefited—let the city pay. Franklin represented that £2,000 would be raised in the city by voluntary contributions. This the opposition refused to believe, considering, no doubt, £2,000 a very large sum of money. Franklin replied—"Then make your grant conditional upon the city subscription." To this proposition they readily acceded, certain that the money could not be raised; and, willing to gain the credit of liberality without expense, voted for the bill. But Franklin had a double object in this move. He well knew that, once the citizens were assured of a legislative grant, they would rest content with it, and hold themselves excused from subscribing. Therefore his little service for the conditional grant; and under this stimulus, the subscription, which was dragging its slow length along, was immediately filled up.

Ars Oratoria. Selections from Cicero and Quintilian on Oratory. With Notes. By Martin Kellogg, Professor of Latin and Greek in the University of California. (New York: Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.)—In general we have no great admiration for Chrestomathies, Florilegia, Anthologies, Delectuses, and Elegant Extracts, except possibly for elementary purposes. Goethe thought well of them; but in his day books were scarcer and many authors difficult to get at any price. Such collections as the Teubner or the later Tauchnitz make it possible for the young scholar of to-day to buy a pretty solid little classical library for a moderate sum. One of the most thoughtful men of Germany, Von Nügelbach, well says that, theoretically at least, the classical scholar is supposed to read ancient books as he would modern ones, as wholes; and though he may fall miserably short of this in practice, there is a vastly greater satisfaction in owning and handling "the authors," as old Dr. Popkin used to call them with affectionate emphasis, than in frisking along through any number of skillfully-culled excerpts. The apples of gold lose half their lustre when torn from the pictures of silver. Something of this general objection applies to Professor Kellogg's book. At the same time it must be said that any man is to be thanked who collects passages on any

one subject; the ripest scholar may find some instruction and stimulus in comparing extracts. Professor Kellogg has dove-tailed the parts of his authors together with great ingenuity; but it is startling to the association of ideas, particularly in Quintilian, to find a passage from the Eighth Book, for example, followed immediately by one from the preface. As regards the text of Cicero, Baiter and Kayser would have been a better guide than Klotz; for Quintilian, Bonnell is taken as the basis. Bonnell is an industrious plodder, but a very dull man. The editor seems not to have heard of "the new departure" in Quintilian made by the revolutionizing and exhaustive text of Halm, without which Quintilian cannot be understood.

Eleonore. After the German of E. von Rothenfels. By Frances Elizabeth Bennett, translator of "Lowly Ways." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—This is a very plotty German novel, which recounts in an autobiographical form the adventures of a simple-hearted young lady with an artful stepmother and an intriguing "companion." What arts these two false women used to entrap the heroine, first into a low marriage and afterwards into a high one in which her heart was not engaged; how her father was deluded by his beautiful wife; how the stepmother exerted herself to fascinate every man of her circle; and how they one and all deserted her colors for those of the ingenious narrator of the tale, who is, however, steadily true throughout—or, at least, with only one short interval in which she became engaged to another man—to an upright and unsophisticated admirer, who lives in the country and appears rather awkward in the company of those who surround her in her father's house—all these fine things are told in a rather lively way, and are put into readable and easy English by the translator.

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